THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 333 — *AUGUST 15, 1927* — NO. 4312

AROUND THE WORLD

Vale Geneva

WE are not able to report the final word from overseas regarding the Naval Limitations Conference at Geneva. Probably it will not be spoken for many moons to come. A popular theory in Great Britain was that the meeting was called by President Coolidge primarily to boost his own political fortunes, but it may also in the event make and unmake some political fortunes in England, where the press, while critical of America, has been by no means unanimously complimentary to London's own representatives on Lake Leman. Even the Conservative *Saturday Review* considered that the Admiralty had asked too much, especially in the way of additional cruisers, since with the completion of the present programme Britain's tonnage in this class of vessels 'will be greater than that of the United States and Japan put together, and at least three times as great as that of France. If we rule out the United States as a possible enemy, there is no navy whose relative strength to-day could possibly be compared with that of Germany before the war, and there is, therefore, no possible reason why we should demand such a preponderating tonnage for cruisers.' The *New Statesman*, which loves us rather less than does the *Saturday Review*, suspected that the chairman of the British delegation was 'making a fool of himself at Geneva with his talk of a cruiser programme of six hundred thousand tons — which will certainly not be realized. But what else can be expected of Mr. Bridgeman? He cannot be pretending to be wiser or cleverer than he is, and if he could he would n't. He is a plain English country gentleman who, like his chief [Mr. Baldwin], does not care for trade-unionists or Americans or argumentative democrats of any kind. He cannot argue, and does not want to argue. The British navy is the British navy. If the admirals want more ships they must have them, whatever those funny Yankees and Japs may think of it.' Incidentally, English comment upon the crisis enlarges our numerous opportunities of seeing ourselves as others see us. The *Spectator* patronizingly excused our alleged aggressiveness at Geneva on the ground that owing to our history we 'are somewhat as children in international politics'; while

Copyright 1927, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *Outlook* added: 'Broadly speaking, one of the troubles in understanding America's foreign policy is that she really has none; at any rate there is no continuity of policy, except an unconscious and conquering imperialism.' Lest dreamers of better things be discouraged, however, by the boulders that pave and the thorns that hedge the way to peace, a British military expert, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, tells us in a recent address that, although Europe had one million more men under arms in 1921 than in 1913, this is not true to-day. Army reductions during the last few years have brought the number down to twelve hundred thousand below the pre-war figure. In 1913 France had permanently under arms eight hundred and twenty thousand men, most of whom were serving for three years. At present the number is only four hundred thousand, serving a single year. In fact, the Continent now favors defense systems resembling that of Switzerland, whose militia is designed entirely to protect her own territories, and not to invade the territories of a neighbor. According to the *New Statesman*, however, the Die-hard politicians who are blamed for most of the troubles at Geneva and for Britain's break with Moscow now urge the concentration of a 'completely modernized mobile' army on the Afghan frontier, to be used in an emergency for a thrust against Russia's Asiatic possessions.

The Political Off-Season

With the House of Commons, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Reichstag on vacation bent, — undiscouraged by an abnormally inclement season, — Europe is promised a brief respite from politics. The English have taken the opportunity to discuss the automobile evil. During the first five months of this year nearly four hundred people were killed and well toward eighteen thousand people were injured by street accidents in London alone, notwithstanding the recent introduction of stricter and more scientific traffic regulation. Now the authorities come forward with a proposal to limit the size of motor vehicles and the number of trailers allowed upon public highways. Such measures need not worry Mr. Ford and his British agents and subsidiaries, but they are causing some concern to bus companies and trucking firms.

The Liberals, who were recently edified by beholding Viscount Grey and Mr. Lloyd George on the same platform for the first time since 1916, — a sort of Taft-Roosevelt reconciliation which seemed to have awed more than it enthused the audience, — are making political capital of the Government's proposal to perpetuate the war-time regulations controlling the admission of aliens to Great Britain and limiting their privileges within the country. The bill, which has already reached its last stages in Parliament, abolishes the right of asylum for political refugees and of appeals to the courts or to higher administrative authorities against orders of exclusion or deportation by an immigration officer. The *Manchester Guardian* denounces the measure as quite in keeping with the present temper and past record of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet: 'When the Aliens Bill has become law no English city will be a city of refuge until the bill be rescinded. The bill does not only restrict and supervise the admission of aliens into this country, but subjects them to close control once they have been allowed to enter, inflicts upon them duties of registration and notification, subjects them to police interference, inquisition, and surveillance characteristic of certain Continental "police states," and places them at the mercy of an official or of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Home Office in a manner that would once have been regarded as utterly "un-English." The glory belonging to "cities of refuge" is passing from England to other lands.'

The deputies were docile to the last, under Poincaré's remarkably easy rein.

Poincaré Remains

Two politically important bills were passed before the summer adjournment — the Electoral Law and the Salaries Act. By the first France returns to the old system of choosing her delegates by single-member districts, instead of electing them at large by departments and to a certain extent by proportional representation. Since the Revolution she has shifted back and forth from one system to the other several times, and the law just repealed had been in force only eight years. Election by districts places the Chamber largely under the control of what we should call ward politicians, and has been unsparingly criticized, as encouraging corruption and magnifying parochial over national interests, by the very parties that have just restored it. The Chamber has increased instead of diminished the number of deputies, disregarding the promise it gave to reduce its membership when it passed a law a few months ago increasing the salaries of deputies; and it is accused of gerrymandering the country unblushingly in its redistricting. The Radicals and the Leftists in general, who carried through the measure, are delighted with their achievement, although before the war the chief champions of the system thus abolished were M. Briand and M. Jaurès, the leader of the Socialists. Among the results of the return to single-member constituencies, it is predicted, will be an increase in the Communist delegation. The Paris correspondent of the *Saturday Review* writes: 'I know of a little township in which forty people, as against seven in the last election, will vote Communist in the hope of securing practical advantages and without giving a thought to Moscow.' Presumably M. Poincaré regarded the measure coolly, but he washed his hands of the whole electoral-reform question and left the Chamber to fight it out unguided by the Ministry. True to his Coolidge programme of economy, however, he made the Salaries Bill a question of confidence, although he accepted at the last moment a trifling compromise adding one million francs to the Budget for the benefit of pensioners and civil servants. The present scale of pay for government employees ranges from the equivalent of two hundred and seventy-five dollars to three thousand dollars a year. The Socialists wished to make the minimum higher, but the Premier contended that this could not be done without imperiling the equilibrium of the Budget, and that lower-paid government employees were already receiving six times their nominal salaries before the war, although a fivefold increase would compensate for the depreciation of the currency. The Premier is supposed to have won a silent victory for his foreign policy by quashing behind the scenes an interpellation the Socialists had announced upon that subject. Had the issue been raised there would have been a grand debate, and M. Briand, who had come to Paris the day before for that express purpose, would have had an opportunity again to proclaim the Locarno policy to the world. As it is, Poincaré's rather belligerent speeches in the provinces remain France's last word on the subject until the Chamber reassembles. In a speech delivered in the presence of King Albert, however, at the dedication of a monument to an Unknown French Soldier in Belgium, the Premier declared: 'Belgium and France have not ceased to pursue with absolute sincerity the policy of rap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prochement initiated at Geneva and Locarno. They are as loyal to that policy to-day as they were yesterday.'

Germany in Repose

Political Germany is resting on its oars. The Reichstag has adjourned after passing on the second reading, by a vote of two hundred and seventy-eight to one hundred and fifty-four, the new Tariff Law, which had been returned to the Lower House from the Reichsrat with the increases on potatoes, sugar, grain, and pork products disapproved. Several important legislative measures, including the new School Law, have been deferred for autumn consideration. Chancellor Marx's reported resignation from the Reichsbanner, because of that body's attitude toward the Vienna riots, may widen the breach between his wing of the Clericals and the section of the Party commanded by ex-Chancellor Wirth.

Finland has held a general election, in which the present Social Democratic Cabinet, the first since the insurrection of 1918, won sixty out of a total of two hundred seats in the Diet. The Communists have increased their delegation to twenty, and the Swedish Party, which also coöperates with the Socialists, now numbers twenty-four. This frustrates the hope of the bourgeois parties of forming a majority bloc of their own. Their largest constituent group, the Agrarian Party, has only fifty-two members. Marshal Pilsudski has dealt in a summary way with Parliament, a majority of whose members oppose his policy, by sending it home to think things over. Great Britain seems to have secured the adhesion of some of her Continental neighbors to her policy of bringing Moscow to terms by financial strangulation. Italy, who finds herself rather thrown over by Rumania now that brother-in-law Averescu is out of office, is reported, however, to exhibit a 'Barkis is willing' attitude toward Soviet commercial overtures. But the great anti-English villain in the drama is Uncle Sam, whose oil and ore magnates are suspected of large and remunerative designs in the land of the Soviet star. The Government of the Ukraine, where secessionist currents have been reported of late, has made all languages equal before the law. Government decrees are to be printed henceforth in the tongues of the national minorities as well as in Ukrainian and Russian.

Austria and the Anschluss

Talk of a union between Germany and Austria had been largely ignored of late, until the Vienna riots brought the project to the fore again. The immediate cause of those disorders was the acquittal of the three *Frontkämpfer*, or 'Front-fighters,' who killed a man and a child during a Socialist parade in the village of Schattendorf in the Burgenland. Testimony from the hundred different witnesses heard was so hopelessly contradictory that the accused were acquitted, on the theory that the Socialists were the real aggressors. As the city of Vienna is overwhelmingly Socialist and Communist, popular disgust with the verdict vented itself violently. Chancellor Seipel charges that the Socialist mayor purposely let matters get out of hand before calling for assistance.

Behind the scenes, however, a more complicated drama was being performed. Dr. Otto Bauer, the leading spokesman for the Social Democrats, has announced that the only way to unite Austria and Germany is by war or revolution. France and Italy, he points out, have agreed to oppose *Anschluss*, whatever their differences may be elsewhere, and, since they have the two largest armies in Europe, their will is law. Dr. Bauer believes that the middle classes everywhere, even in Austria herself, prefer the status quo, and adds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that for his part, as a God-fearing Radical, he would never join the Germany of Hindenburg. Therefore only a German proletarian uprising can produce the kind of *Anschluss* that the best minds of the Social Democratic Party demand.

Bratiano's recovery of power just before King Ferdinand's death establishes the Liberal leader more firmly than ever before. His party is popular, since most of the others have outlived their usefulness, and he will be supported by France against Hungary. The land reforms instituted by the Rumanian Liberals have come down hard on some of the Magyar property holders, including Count Bethlen himself, and even peasants of Hungarian stock under the Rumanian flag prefer their new allegiance, since it assures them ownership of the soil. Greece has been using the Russian bogey-man to rally conflicting interests in the Balkans, and Paris has been rather overimpressed, perhaps, by the visit of Foreign Minister Michalakopoulos, who has hypnotized some papers into believing that, thanks to his country's good offices, a Balkan Locarno is at hand. It is true that Greece has concluded several treaties of friendship with her neighbors, but Athens is still a city of political surprises.

Italy under Strain

Italy's new Court of Labor in its first decision refused an appeal by the Federation of Agriculture for a decrease in the rates of rice-field laborers, and ordered employers to pay the arrears of wages which they had presumed to withhold from their employees. According to the London *Daily Herald*, whose Italian dispatches are usually sensational, serious riots of the unemployed have occurred in Turin, and the local garrison was used to suppress them, apparently because the Fascist trade-unions and the Fascist militia were in sympathy with the demonstrators. Tumultuous protests against continuing the heavy land taxes, in view of the decline in agricultural prices, are also reported in the villages. Farinacci, the most militant of the higher-ups in Fascism, has ventured outspoken criticism of the existing press law. 'The function of journalism is to examine and criticize. If it cannot do this it ceases to be journalism. To regard a newspaper as a sort of phonograph confined to the publication of government-inspired notices is to destroy journalism.'

South Africa

Although the Union Parliament of South Africa sits in a hemisphere where the seasons are the reverse of our own, it followed the custom of its sister bodies in Europe by adjourning late in June, after devoting its energies during the last session to three bills — to subsidize the steel industry, to regulate the diamond industry, and to give the Union a new flag. The last of these bills, as we have already mentioned, has revived latent national animosities, and has yet to go before the people for decision. The Iron and Steel Bill was rejected by the Senate, which opposed making the State a partner in an industrial enterprise, and the Precious Stones Bill, to protect the diamond market from the unregulated competition of the recently discovered alluvial deposits, also failed because it was smothered under a welter of amendments by people who had private axes to grind. Diamonds may be cheaper as a consequence.

India

The Indian Government has taken another step toward closer control of the opium trade by an agreement with the native states permitting it to inspect directly opium cultivation and consumption within their boundaries with a view to stopping poppy growing there alto-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether, so that all opium will be officially purchased at the Government factory at Ghaziabad. India is not every white man's country. Since the World War, 'Calcutta has been faced,' to quote the *Statesman* of that city, 'with the poignant spectacle of large numbers of Europeans and Anglo-Indians who can find no work to do and no one to employ them.' Several bureaus and committees have been organized in succession to handle the problem. These have repatriated some of the destitute whites, and found places for others in charitable institutions. Of four hundred and fifty recent applicants for work, only fifty could be provided with positions.

Out in the smooth South Seas they sometimes have political as well as atmospheric hurricanes. The most recent of these, albeit a tempest in a teapot, broke out in that part of Samoa which is under the mandate of New Zealand. As a consequence the Administrator, General Richardson, has arrested several native chiefs, deprived them of their titles, and banished them or sent them to prison. Sir Charles Carruthers, ex-Premier of New South Wales, who chanced to be in Samoa at the time, has protested publicly that this treatment of the natives was a blunder, which nearly caused an armed uprising, and that the practice of imprisoning and banishing people without trial is contrary to the fundamental principles of British justice and disparages the credit of the Empire.

China

Chang Tso-lin, the semidiscredited Mukden dictator, remains titular head of the Northern forces in China, and is in nominal control of Peking. But he lacks funds, and many of his associates more or less openly sympathize with the Nationalists. The reported release of Mme. Borodin by the Peking courts, in virtual defiance of the Generalissimo, casts a ray of light on this situation. China to the south and west of Peking is largely controlled by General Chiang Kai-shek and the Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang, who are reported to have had a conference not long ago to discuss a plan of joint operations. In the territories within their jurisdiction, however, a secondary fight between the Chinese 'bourgeoisie' and the ultraradical Nationalists, who are agitating among the workingmen and peasants, is being fought, with the proletarian forces apparently in retreat. Borodin, who still remains in China, is sometimes represented as having been repudiated by Moscow for being too tolerant toward the Conservatives, and at other times as still retaining the confidence of his Soviet masters. Wherever the influence of the Western Powers, especially Great Britain, is dominant, strong-arm measures against Russia and her representatives are the rule. The last example of this was the raiding of the premises of the Russian Bank in Shanghai. Japan is gradually resuming the occupation of Shantung, the province from which she withdrew following the Washington Conference, and a boycott against Japanese merchandise which is said to have the approval of General Chiang Kai-shek is causing concern to the merchants of the Island Kingdom, whose press criticizes freely the Cabinet's reported policy of further military adventures upon the mainland. At the same time Japanese papers voice alarm over the suspected coöperation of Great Britain and the United States in China against their country. Among other rumors of this sort was one to the effect that the British and American Ministers agreed to remove their legations from Peking to a safer point, regardless of the action of the other Powers, and contrary to the interests of the Japanese. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China Weekly Review, which rather approves the idea of transferring the American Legation to Tientsin as a preliminary step to removing it from China entirely, cannot see where the present Ministers are of any particular service to foreign interests that could not be better performed by a High Commissioner, such as Admiral Bristol has virtually been until recently in Turkey. 'A High Commissioner would not be embarrassed by the precedents and historical handicaps which bind the Ministers with red tape and prevent them from acting like human beings.'

Japan

Although General Tanaka's Cabinet is thought to be firmly in the saddle, it has already undergone some changes of personnel. Mr. Takahashi, the Minister of Finance, resigned after the panic that put the present Government in power had somewhat subsided, and his place was taken by the former Minister of Education — to the dissatisfaction of some of the latter's colleagues who thought themselves better fitted for promotion to the Treasury portfolio. Regardless of the estrangement of Great Britain and Russia, Tokyo has wired its representative at Moscow to press negotiations for a commercial treaty with the Soviets, in addition to the fishery treaty for which negotiations are already in progress. Japan's commerical treaty with Germany, which has been under negotiation since October 1923, is ready for signature.

Latin America

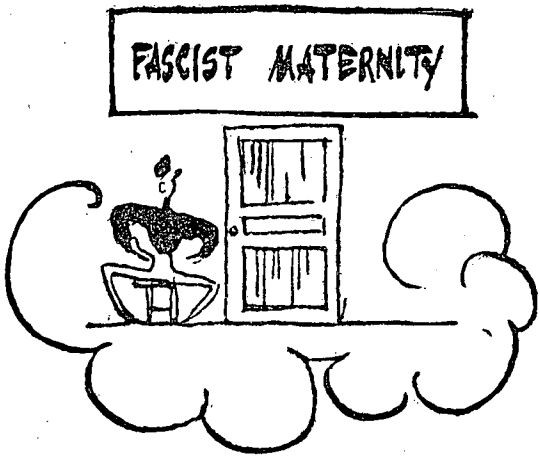
Mexico's presidential campaign is developing into a fight between the Moderates, represented by General Francisco R. Serrano, and the Radicals, including the Indians, who back General Obregón. President Calles is supposed to favor the candidacy of his predecessor. Their campaign cry is 'Down with Reaction.' General Serrano, while favoring complete separation of Church and State and government control of Church property, condemns the radical anticlerical policy of the present Government; and while endorsing the nationalization of Mexico's petroleum resources, he disapproves retroactive legislation, and advocates recognizing the rights which the oil companies acquired before the present law was enacted. Mexico's press protests against the Americanization of her emigrant children in the United States. The American kindergarten is represented as the great promoter of this transition to a new loyalty. 'Our little people learn to play games in English, to salute the Stars and Stripes every morning, to lisp the words of American patriotic airs, and as they grow older they are taught to regard the United States as the greatest country in the world, George Washington as the Father of Liberty, and Abraham Lincoln as its martyr.' Even the 'denationalization' of students attending foreign schools in Mexico City is deplored.

A new outburst of hostility toward the United States must be expected after the recent fighting in Nicaragua. 'Bandit' in English will spell 'patriot' in Spanish for thousands of ardent young men south of our border. This sentiment reëchoes across the waters, and the *Manchester Guardian* thus deplores the policy from which it is alleged to spring: 'The still half-formed civilization of the Central American states is an extraordinary mixture of primitive savagery and democratic idealism. Would it not have been best to let each of them work out its own salvation? That there is hope in their future is shown by the liberal and democratic spirit that is stirring throughout the Latin American continent and by the astonishing "student revolutions" in the Latin American universities. The worst thing that could have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been done to any of them — worse, even, than armed invasion and annexation — has been done to Nicaragua, where civil war has been fostered, to be ended only now in a precarious peace after long and fearful slaughter and destruction. Nor should the small size and remoteness of Nicaragua blind us to the wider significance of these things. From the Straits of Magellan to the northern frontier of Mexico the spirit of militant nationalism is gathering against the all-powerful authors of the wrong that has been done. Whether the Latin American republics will ever unite and will ever be able to stand firm against the United States no one can tell. But that their admirable preoccupation with their own affairs and their growing preference for peaceful, democratic, and constructive progress should, after many decades of murderous warfare among themselves, again be distracted and diverted by suspicion and defiance of the Great Power which could be their example and guide is surely a calamity.'

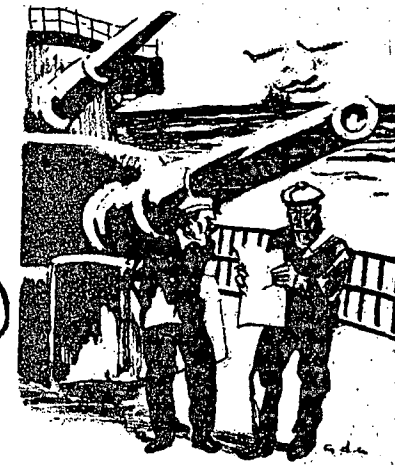
MUSSOLINI PREACHES OVERPOPULATION



A NEW JOB FOR THE BLACK SHIRTS

— *North China Herald*, Shanghai

IN THE CHINA SEAS



'Any news?'

'Nothing. Just some naval limitation talk at Geneva.'

— *L'Humanité*, Paris

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY GROPES TOWARD PEACE[1]

BY DR. GUSTAV STRESEMANN, FOREIGN MINISTER

YOUR Majesty, Mr. President, Your Magnificence, Ladies and Gentlemen: Permit me, in addressing you to-day, to express at the outset my deep gratitude for the great distinction that the Nobel Prize Committee has conferred upon me, as well as my profound thanks for your cordial greeting. I realize that this distinction has a peculiar character. It is not bestowed for scientific and theoretical research, but for practical politics. It is not an honor intended for a single individual, or even for the representative of a single country, but is a general mark of approval for the policies of all countries which pursue a certain course. Therefore, so far as it is bestowed upon Germany, it is not conferred upon a man. Since I am a firm believer in individualism, I would not belittle the part the individual plays in national history. The masses do not lead the individual, but the individual may lead the masses. Nevertheless, when great ideals and vital policies are at stake, the individual is powerless unless supported by the public opinion of the nation.

During the past few years I have at times seen some hard fighting in Germany over foreign policy, and for that reason I may be qualified to answer the question so often asked as to how her people really feel about that policy. Opinion abroad regarding my countrymen ranges all the way from appreciation to skepticism, distrust, and hostility. Let me, then, try — so far as our short experience since the war permits — to answer the question, What are the currents of thought and opinion that determine the political complexion of New Germany?

I must begin with a description of Old Germany. She has suffered by being judged too much by externals, and by the failure of her critics to distinguish between appearance and reality. She continued to the last to show the effects of her tutelage under Friedrich Wilhelm I, whose mentorship, led me add, was sternly loyal to State and people. She presented a rough side to the world in her blunt and overbearing bureaucracy, which was disliked abroad but was absolutely devoted to the national welfare. She failed to check the aggressive advance of Socialism because she had no triumphant ideal to oppose to the progress of Socialist thought among her citizens. Nevertheless she had advanced social legislation and guarded more jealously than many an ostensibly liberal country the interests of all her children. She was a land of barracks, of universal service, of strong military sympathies; but she was also a land of engineering, of chemistry, of modern scientific research. Old and new struggled for supremacy in her. He who would judge Old Germany fairly should look below the surface.

It was in Old Germany that most of us who now occupy responsible positions in New Germany passed the greater part of our lives. As the child

[1] From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Big-Industry daily), *July* 6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is father of the man, so do our youthful impressions shape our mature opinions. As a child honors his father, although he realizes his weaknesses and failings, a German cannot despise Old Germany, which once stood for supreme greatness in his eyes. The British verse, 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,' represents the feeling which every German cherishes for all that was good and worthy in his old Fatherland.

This Germany, however, was shattered by the war. Her government, her social structure, her economic organization, were destroyed. Her thought and sentiment were transformed. And no one can say that this transformation is as yet completed. It is a process that will continue for generations. But, as haste and hurry are characteristic of modern life, the evolution is proceeding with unprecedented speed. It is an evolution that affects her relations with other countries as it does relations within the State.

The purpose of the Nobel Foundation is to promote peace. The governing idea of the man who founded it was to curb with the power of the human reason the natural forces his own inventive genius had unchained. Does such an ideal accord with Germany's present evolution? To this we may answer that Germany's policy of peace and mutual understanding would be incomprehensible unless it expressed the deepest yearnings and profoundest convictions of her people.

This brings us to the meeting point of two fundamental principles which the present age must reconcile with each other — national evolution and international coöperation. Superficial thinkers imagine that the interests, the aspirations, the sentiments, of a nation are bounded by frontiers of blood and language. That opinion assumes an irreconcilable conflict between national and international interests that seems to me irrational. Speaking as Germany's representative at Geneva, I tried to show that it could not be the design of a divine world-order that the ideals which make the highest and noblest appeal to men should also make them enemies. I tried to show that the true patriot who strives to guide his own life and that of his country toward the highest perfection must necessarily have faith that he is thus contributing to the welfare of humanity. Whoever makes the utmost of his national inheritance will eventually realize the broader communities of thought and action that transcend the interests and doings of his own particular people, and from the firm footing of his native soil he will grasp the greater perspectives of the world at large. As Shakespeare was only possible in England; as the great dramatists and poets who have expressed the soul of the Norwegian nation can only be understood against the background of your noble land; as Dante is incomprehensible except as an Italian; as Faust is unthinkable outside of his German environment, so all the great contributors to the common treasure store of humanity are the products of some particular nation. Yet they are not limiting influences separating one country from another, but bridges of understanding between them. National greatness is not an isolating, but a unifying, influence in the world. As Minister Herriot finely put it the other day, at the International Music Exposition in Frankfort on the Main, 'We must feel nationally in order to act internationally.'

This brings us to the great interrogation point that stands between one country and another. Are you honestly desirous of working with me? How do you really feel in the bottom of your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soul? Can my vision pierce deeply enough into your soul to make me trust you? These are questions which have been addressed to Germany so often that I must dwell upon them for a moment.

Judging by our experiences and emotions immediately after the war, it is obviously easier for the victors than for the vanquished to profess pacifist policies. For peace means to the former preserving what they have gained, while it means for the latter resigning themselves forever to the losses they have sustained. To fall behind in the march of nations, to yield precedence to others without envy, is as hard for a great people as an analogous renunciation is for an individual. To have been thrilled with the inspiration of unprecedented national progress for half a century, to have attained the loftiest pinnacles of greatness, and then suddenly to be precipitated into the depths below, is an even harder and bitterer tragedy. The mentality of a nation that has passed through such an experience is not so easy to comprehend — or to modify — as many imagine.

Yet New Germany faced that task. She found it by no means easy to choose the route whose guideposts read 'Locarno and Geneva.' The courtesy which becomes a conqueror was for a time denied her. She was called upon for services and sacrifices which no nation that had not been disciplined for centuries in obedience to the State could have rendered. Modern historians commonly sum up Germany's losses by the war as certain surrendered territories, including her former colonies, and wasted national wealth. They overlook, however, the heaviest loss of all. That was, in my opinion, the ruin of her intellectual and industrial middle classes, the very backbone of the nation, whose devotion to their country in the war was repaid by poverty and penury. How far it was justifiable for public reasons thus to sacrifice an entire generation, by issues of worthless money which were never redeemed, is a question that remains unanswered. But all that has happened in Germany since the war must be viewed in the light of the sentiment of an expropriated and ruined middle class, reënforced under the Versailles Treaty by the officers corps of the old army, and by that part of the rising generation which in Old Germany looked upon a military career or government service as its predestined vocation.

To this economic expropriation was added, moreover, the sudden destruction of all the spiritual and intellectual canons of a class that had been taught for five centuries to revere the sovereign and to regard the monarchy as the substance of the State. Its members experienced many vicissitudes during the war, but none of them had dreamed of a fall so deep. They could not bring themselves to surrender their old loyalties, because they could not reconcile themselves to the events that had destroyed the things they loved. Last of all, they were repelled, as often happens in history, by the overzeal of reformers who wanted to make a clean sweep of the old without attempting to reconcile it with the new.

Humiliated and downtrodden, these former leaders, now reduced to beggary, instinctively hated the new régime. That was perfectly natural. They lost faith in life and the world. They were conscious of being unjustly attacked. They resented the prevailing contempt for the traditions they venerated. Moreover, the domestic disorders that followed the overthrow of the old directing element — I do not mean the nobility and squirarchy, but the middle classes — again shook the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social structure to its foundation. Then came a third disastrous shock — the Ruhr occupation. Once more a desire to strike back against what was felt to be unjustifiable aggression vented itself in bitter resistance.

But already a division of opinion manifested itself abroad between those who desired completely to crush Germany and those who wished to be just and fair. Voices were heard from the United States demanding a peaceful and united Europe. A conference upon the Dawes Plan was held in London. Statesmen took up the task begun by economists and financiers. Ramsay MacDonald remarked as he left Downing Street that the words of an old Scotch song were ringing in his ears: 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?'

For the first time since the war the German people saw their representatives treated not as underlings but as equals. They received from the lips of Herriot the assurance that the Ruhr would be evacuated. In the bitter conflict between the pessimism that refuses to believe in a change in world mentality and the faith that trusts in better things, the latter triumphed. The working classes, who were no less patriotic than any other group in Germany, rallied to the support of this new faith. Old ties with their comrades in the victorious countries were resumed and the ideal of international coöperation was revived.

M. Briand followed in the French Foreign Office M. Herriot, who had promised the evacuation of the Ruhr. Germany's memorandum of February 9, 1925, pointed the way to Locarno. We cannot say that this overture was greeted at once with joyous approval. Foreign distrust prevented a quick response to Germany's advances. Misconceptions at home hampered our efforts there. What was in reality an active, forward-looking policy was regarded as a counsel of weakness and denounced as a programme of surrender. New conditions were stipulated by the Allies, which Germany must accept as evidence of her sincerity. Her entrance into the League was required as a guaranty of her loyalty to the Locarno Treaties. What a change of front that represented! In 1919 Germany eagerly sought admission to the League and was rudely repelled by shortsighted and blind adversaries. Now she was besought to join it. An organization started as an alliance of conquering states invited the cooperation and friendship of their most powerful enemy. Here again we had to overcome strong aversions. The people of Germany did not believe that the right of national self-determination had been consistently respected in the League's decisions, especially in case of former German territories. Eventually, however, amid oscillations between distrust and confidence, the treaties were ratified. Even then, in March 1926, tactical errors and national pique again blocked Germany's admission to the League. Happily that disappointment was mitigated by the assurance that the other Great Powers would nevertheless treat Germany as if she were officially a League member.

At length, last September, Germany finally took her seat in the great council of nations. M. Briand, in a speech that echoed around the world, declared that the era of cannon and machine guns was past, and that the two great nations, France and Germany, who had wrested so many military laurels from each other on the battlefield, must hereafter compete only in advancing the great ideals of humanity. Whoever was present on that occasion will never forget it.

In the history of nations deeds do not invariably follow upon the heels

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of words. History uses a different yardstick to measure the lives of nations from the one she uses to measure the lives of men. We are too prone to conceive the progress of humanity in terms of our petty personal affairs. Since last September we have witnessed advances and recessions, high tides and low tides of mutual confidence, dawnings of a better understanding overcast by clouds of distrust and war psychosis. It has seemed at times as if skepticism as to the possibility of peace were about to silence the world-wide demand for peace.

Amid these vicissitudes and uncertainties the enemies of yesterday have groped toward some middle ground of reconciliation and friendship. Progress has not been in a straight line. I do not wish to paint too fair a picture, but to describe our failures and our falterings as they actually are. Nothing is more misleading than for historians to represent the tasks of a generation to its successors as simpler than it was. We are inclined to assume that because a thing actually happened it was obviously predestined to happen from the beginning. No. True history is the record of a blind groping forward by fog-bound courses toward uncertain goals. The life of every one of us is an endless battle with errors and obstacles. That is what makes success worth while. It is the more a mistake, then, for nations to lose hope because the attainment of their ideals may be deferred for a year or a score of years. Were success so easily achieved, it would be the less worth having. So in describing our difficulties I am not preaching a doctrine of pessimism; I am merely trying to impress upon you that under existing conditions progress must necessarily seem painfully slow.

Public sentiment in Germany has wavered in accord with these uncertainties. My countrymen do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. But I am confident, and the last debates in the Reichstag show that an overwhelming majority of them stand staunchly behind a policy of peace and understanding. I am not speaking of the extremists on either the Right or the Left. A nation that has passed through Germany's experiences naturally has a large number of extremists. The ballast of our ship of state, the priceless civic-spirited middle class, has been jettisoned. Many of its members have been driven by despair to see salvation only in revolution. A great wave of Bolshevism is breaking against the ramparts of the State. Our ultra-chauvinists are only a variant type of that same rebel surge. When a nation that has suffered such a violent upheaval as our own masters its fire-eaters on the Left and on the Right, it is proof positive that common sense has conquered folly and illusion.

A contemporary German statesman recently remarked that Napoleon's saying, that politics is destiny, no longer holds true. He meant that today economics is destiny. I disagree with this opinion, but I recognize that both domestic and foreign policies are now shaped by economic influences more than ever before. I turn to the economic factor now, although it is not the most important, to emphasize that the old German impulse to work, to produce, to rebuild what was destroyed, has stood the nation in good stead during its trials. We have not halted even in our progressive social legislation. A great effort has been made to alleviate unemployment and its consequences. We may at times, and in particular cases, have gone so far with this policy that we have discouraged somewhat the will to work. But in the large this has proved the wiser way. The working classes of Germany, regardless of their political

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affiliations, are loyal to the State. Some may imagine that labor has exercised an unduly large influence upon our policies, but let me say that its loyalty to the Government far more than compensates for any temporary disadvantage we may suffer from that. The whole nation is again solidly behind the Government. Nothing henceforth can shake this solidarity. Germany is united because it is the will of her people to be one nation. That will preserved her through war, defeat, and revolution. It has been stronger than her misfortunes.

For a time the supremacy of the laboring classes in public affairs, combined with disregard of important imponderables of national sentiment, alienated powerful intellectual and industrial classes from the new government. That hostility is now confined to a very small group of radicals on the extreme Right. Men who at first felt that they had been excluded once for all from the functions of government, and therefore were naturally hostile to the new régime, have now been called to its active support. Passing crises, the difficulties that beset all coalitions, do not affect the fact that all Parties are now doing their bit to build a new Germany. In the Free State of Saxony, the most highly industrialized part of Germany, the ex-kingdom where Social Democracy was born, a Cabinet now administers affairs in which Socialists and German Nationalists sit side by side. Common sense is stronger in the long run than Party spirit. Dominating all differences of political opinion is the greater thought that every citizen is needed for the work of national reconstruction; that, when future generations look back upon our present age, they will honor and revere only those who valiantly laid their hand to the labor of repairing our ruined fortunes.

Instead of setting Old Germany over against New Germany, as if the two were irreconcilable, we are learning to synthesize the Old with the New. A powerful element very properly insists that we shall recognize and preserve in our New Germany what was great and worthy in the Old. All political evolution associates itself with personalities who symbolize movements and institutions. In the popular mind this synthesis of Old Germany and New Germany is incarnated in the person of our President. He followed in office a man who, coming from the circles of the old irreconcilable Opposition, when promoted to First Magistrate of the Republic showed amazing tact and political skill and unbounded patriotism in extricating his country from impending chaos. In his successor, President von Hindenburg, the people see a man who is above Parties, whom they respect and love because, although he grew up in the traditions of the Old Empire, he has held his duty to the Young Republic first in his heart.

It has been admittedly a slow and difficult task to unite the nation under the banner of New Germany. But every day the ranks of her defenders grow stronger. It is not the facile and transitory successes of moments of frothy enthusiasm, but the things won by slow and silent labor, that endure. You cannot speak to a nation as the bishop spoke to the Merovingian king: 'Bow thy head in humbleness, proud Sicambre. Pray to the things that you have burned, and burn the things to which you hitherto have prayed.' Such conversions do not occur overnight. Those who had to fight a hard battle in their own hearts before they could accept the New Germany, those who made their decision in anguish of soul, moved only by their love and loyalty to the nation, are far worthier recruits than the easy converts of first emotions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To-day a spirit of active coöperation has replaced hostility to the new government and idle dreams of restoring the old. Therefore the German Republic is a solid fact, not only for to-day but for the future. But forms of government are not the determining thing in the life of nations. Socialism and Nationalism are not the products of political institutions. In fact it might be plausibly argued that capitalism wields more influence in a Party-ruled democracy than in a monarchy. Germany's capitalists, by virtue of their former connections throughout Europe, were the very first to repair our broken ties with other countries. To me the tendency to form great international trusts, now observable all over the globe, spells progress in the relations of peoples. I regret that this development seems to be at the cost of the aggressive and enterprising type of business men who built up at their own risk and with their own labor the great firms which bore their names. To such outstanding personalities we owe our present economic progress. But it is a waste of time to bewail the past. We are carried along by evolutionary forces which first manifested themselves powerfully during the Great War. That conflict unseated Europe from her proud throne as the world's economic mistress and left her a weakened and wounded continent with an impoverished population.

Wo das Eisen wächst in der Berge Schacht
Da entspringen der Erde Gebieter.

(Where iron grows in the mountain's cleft,
Thence come the earth's masters.)

Europe no longer produces the world's most important raw materials. Neither, though we may shun recognizing the fact, is she any longer the world's leader. For this reason her people are drawing closer together, in order to defend themselves from oppression and absorption. And, so far as economics influences politics, the affiliation of great industries, even though it has its evils, encourages progress, mutual understanding, and coöperative action. Albeit certain psychological aspects of these billionaire undertakings may worry the sociologist, they unquestionably promote intelligent coöperation among nations.

Just a word more as to currents of political thought in present-day Germany. She is sometimes criticized because hundreds of thousands of her sons have joined veterans' organizations and in their gatherings extol the spirit of the soldier. But is this not perfectly natural? Is not the heart of my friend M. Briand thrilled by the cheers of the *anciens combattants?* When addressing those veterans recently, the distinguished French Foreign Minister said it was one of the happiest moments of his life when he received the news that Verdun could not be captured by the Germans. Why should it seem strange, then, that a German should account it one of the happiest moments of his life when dispatches from the battlefield of Tannenburg told him his native land had repelled the onrush of the invader? I fully agree with M. Briand that the men who actually suffered at the front during the World War, who witnessed with their own eyes its horrors and cruelties, are the men best fitted to inaugurate a new era of peace. Europe was ravaged by war as scarcely any other section of the globe had ever been before. Why should not the two nations which were the chief sufferers be the first to demand that such barbarity shall not occur again?

When people speak of German sentiment, therefore, let them guard against injustice. French statesmen constantly declare that France is a land of peace, a land that regards peace as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the grandest ideal of humanity. And yet France has her Arc de Triomphe, that wonderful monument commemorating the first Napoleon. Why, then, should anyone think it inconsistent because Germans lay wreaths at the base of the monument of Frederick the Great, and because they, whose soil has drunk more blood than that of any other land in Europe, honor their national defenders. Every nation cherishes the memory of those who have repelled its invaders. That sentiment, however, is in no way incompatible with a sincere love of peace. In fact, only he truly appreciates peace who has known the storm of battle. Only he realizes that the sea is smooth who has seen it stirred by the tempest.

We do not deceive ourselves. We know that this earth is not Paradise. All we ask is a firm will in every nation to make the future better than the past, to hasten a new era cherishing the ideals of peace that have blossomed from the blood of battlefields. Where should that will be stronger than in Europe, and where in Europe should it be stronger than in the countries that have suffered most from war?

It was a turning point in European civilization when Germany embarked upon a course that led her through Locarno to Geneva. I can cite M. Briand as to that. Germany has met many bitter disappointments on that path. This is not the place to dwell upon them. Nor do I regard Locarno from the point of view of its influence on Germany alone. Locarno signifies far more than this. It provides for permanent peace upon the Rhine, guaranteed by the solemn pledge of two great neighbor nations not to resort to arms, and by the pledge of other great nations to help either Power against a violator of this pledge. That means a truce of God upon the Rhine. It can and must be more than that, however. It must be the first step in the coöperation of these Powers to extend and propagate peace wherever their material power and their moral influence reach. An overwhelming majority of the German nation stands back of this ideal. But nothing could be more hostile to that aim than to keep foreign bayonets on the territory of a defeated nation that has forsworn revenge and committed itself whole-heartedly to peace. The Locarno policy is incompatible with violence or oppression. It is a policy of mutual understanding, free coöperation, faith in a new era, confidence in a better future.

If I understand the situation rightly, you, the people of Norway, blessed with unbroken peace for more than a century, sought to strengthen these ideals by conferring the Nobel Peace Prize on the men of Locarno. I am happy indeed to be able to express my gratitude for this honor in the capital of your nation. I join with this gratitude the hope that the ideals which inspire this honor will become the common property of nations, and that when those ideals are realized the words of the most cosmopolitan German who ever lived may prove true: 'We range ourselves with the peoples who are struggling out of darkness into light.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FRENCH RED IN CHINA. I[1]

BY JACQUES DORIOT

[THE author is the French Communist Deputy who recently returned from an agitatorial tour of the Far East, and has been imprisoned, after his parliamentary immunity was suspended by the Chamber, for his activities there. He can be trusted to present the Red side of the Chinese picture undimmed by 'bourgeois' bias.]

I HAVE spent more than three months among the Chinese revolutionists. Originally the French Communist Party appointed me its representative on an international labor delegation, of which Tom Mann, the old militant British syndicalist, and Browder, an American of the same stamp, were the other members, to carry the greetings and the encouragement of the proletariat of France, England, and America to the Chinese insurgents, to study the condition of the Chinese people, to investigate the effects of imperialist policies in China, and to organize a campaign against Western intervention in that country. After this task had been accomplished and I had appealed to the insurgent elements in Indo-China to help the Chinese revolution, the Executive Committee of the Third International appointed me its delegate to the Congress of the Communist Party in China, which was to meet at Hankow.

Everywhere in the Far East we were received enthusiastically by the working people, peasants, petty bourgeoisie, and soldiers. They hailed with profound joy the arrival of emissaries of the revolutionary proletariat of the West. Huge demonstrations were held in our honor. At Canton fifty thousand welcomed us. At Hankow one hundred thousand greeted our arrival, and several hundred thousand gave us an affecting demonstration of farewell when we departed. At Shanghai one hundred thousand assembled to do us honor. Even in the smallest hamlets that we passed through in our journey from Canton to Hankow, local organizations greeted us with touching demonstrations. Kuomintang committees, trade-unions, peasants' unions, students' leagues, National Army detachments, women's societies, Boy Scouts, chambers of commerce, united to welcome us, listened eagerly to the messages we brought them, and questioned us with alert interest upon conditions in the countries from which we came. Dozens of banners and standards were presented me for the revolutionary organizations to which I belong in France. But the special attention which the Government of our Republic has devoted to me since my return has hitherto prevented my delivering them to those for whom they were intended.

I found the country in one of the gravest crises of its revolutionary history. Under the direction of Chiang Kai-shek and the pressure of foreign imperialists the national bourgeoisie had passed over to the reactionary side and had suddenly turned against the workers and peasants, its recent allies,

[1] From *L'Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *June 25, 26, 30, July 1*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a savageness, a brutality, and a cynicism unequaled perhaps except in France after the Commune and in the Bulgaria and the Poland of to-day.

True revolutionists were not disheartened by this defection, for the real strength of the Kuomintang Government has always resided in the working people and the peasants. The Chinese General Federation of Labor with three million adherents, and the peasants' unions with fifteen million members, stand solidly behind the Hankow Government. These organizations are not confined to South China, but ramify to all parts of the country. They have rallied to the Kuomintang in order to attain three grand objects: the emancipation of China from foreign imperialism, the abolition of Chinese feudalism and militarism, and the introduction of Socialist institutions.

Our steamer passes between Hongkong and Macao, colonies respectively of England and her vassal Portugal, which command the approaches of the West River, one of China's three great natural waterways. One cannot reach Canton except by passing them.

A little farther upstream ancient Chinese forts glare at us from either side of the river. The Kuomintang banner floats over them, and on their walls is painted in great letters: 'Imperialism is as devastating as floods and savage beasts! Down with the unequal treaties!' We are at last in revolutionary China. Hundreds of junks and sampans ply hither and thither, each the home of a family whose members spend their whole lives on the water. From one of these a woman with a baby swung on her back stares at us; a man leans over the rail, fishing; a tiny boy passes us sculling a skiff many times too large for him.

We reach Whampoa, the outer port of Canton, where the Cantonese are constructing improved harbor works which will render them independent of Hongkong and give them a naval and maritime base capable of accommodating large vessels. A British official, an inspector of the Chinese customs, comes on board. He is polite and almost deferential to the Europeans, but arrogant to the verge of insolence to the Chinese students returning from abroad.

At Whampoa I visited the Academy of the National Army, where young officers are simultaneously trained in military science and politics. Four thousand cadets were pursuing their studies there. The school is very 'Left' — chilly toward Chiang Kai-shek and warm toward his opponents. Two thousand cadets neatly clad in khaki uniforms were paraded to greet us. The older ones, who had finished more than a year of their fourteen months' course, were martial-appearing fellows. Most of the students here have previously studied at different universities. The youngest are promising boys selected from the army in the field to be trained as noncommissioned officers.

We visited the classrooms, and attended a banquet and a mass meeting. Over the platform hung portraits of Karl Marx, Lenin, and Sun Yat-sen. At the beginning of the meeting, as is invariably the custom, the latter's last testament was read and those present repeated in chorus: —

'For forty years I have fought for the National Revolution, to make China powerful, free, and independent. Experience has taught me that if we are to gain these great ideals we must arouse the masses of the people and ally ourselves with those nations that treat us as equals. The Revolution has not yet attained its goal. It is imperative for my followers to follow the plan described in my writings and to fight incessantly and valiantly for the triumph

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our common cause. Let them summon at the earliest possible date a National Assembly and abolish the unequal treaties. Let them be ever vigilant in defending our principles.'

These ideas recurred in all the speeches, both by officers and by students, that followed. A young cadet described the British bombardment in Wanhsien, his native city, which he personally witnessed. The details of that horrible and unprovoked massacre as he described them have been burned into the hearts and souls of his auditors. To-morrow he will repeat them again to the regiments of the National Army, to spur them on with hatred for the British beasts of prey.

We were requested to emphasize in our talks to the cadets that the army, and above all the Whampoa graduates, should always side with the people against the generals who betray them. Every allusion we made to that theme was received with loud and prolonged cheering. At the close of the meeting old Tom Mann chanted in Chinese the *Ta Tau Li Chan*, the song of the Kuomintang. His effort was received with indescribable enthusiasm, wild shouts of joy, waving arms, hats thrown in the air. This was followed by the *Internationale*, after which the *Ta Tau Li Chan* was sung a second time by all present.

From Whampoa it is but a step to Canton, an overpopulated city where four or five hundred thousand people live on little boats on the water. From morning until late at night the streets are thronged with an unending procession of people. There are many broad modern highways which cut through the tangle of ancient narrow alleys where each house is factory, shop, and home combined. Rickshas, pedestrians, automobiles, and heavy carts drawn by men and women — horses are rare in South China — jostle each other incessantly. Everyone seems to be continually shouting the Chinese equivalent of 'gangway,' the automobiles loudest of all. At night the poverty of the people is visible in all its gauntness. Thousands sleep on the pavements, having no home but a straw mat. Long lines of beggars pursue the visitor. I am both dazed and delighted by my strange surroundings — an incomprehensible language, great signs in strange-looking characters, streamers and banners, revolutionary mottoes, Kuomintang flags, candles burning in the dark depths of the houses, tiny boats associated with ancestral worship, and high above all this ancient and picturesque native life great luminous electric signs bearing the familiar advertisements of modern capitalism!

We stayed in Canton for fifteen days, and during that time had not a moment of repose. Every day there was a reception or a meeting. At one great mass meeting which we called ourselves, to protest against the dispatch of European troops to China, it seemed as if the entire population of the city were present.

We left Canton on the sixth of March. By five in the morning delegations from the trade-unions, the Government, and the army were at our lodgings. Some brought us banners to be presented to their fellow unionists in Europe; others bore personal gifts, such as souvenirs and photographs. We finally embarked on three little motor boats, which took us to the railway station. Naturally our send-off included a salute of thousands and thousands of firecrackers. We passed Shameen, the international concession, a little island joined to Canton proper by three tiny bridges. It is a place extremely easy to defend, but nevertheless, in 1925, the foreigners there massacred without provocation fifty-three Chinese who were members of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

procession of workingmen innocently demonstrating on the opposite bank. To the great scandal of the French Consul, we insisted upon placing a wreath upon the tomb of these victims of imperialism.

Shameen is well guarded. French, English, and American warships lie at anchor a cable's length away. Whenever the Chinese in Canton hold a big demonstration the British vessels clear for action. At our request our little motor boats passed close to these dogs of war — so close that I could recognize several members of the Vigilante's crew, who were coaling ship in the cool of the early morning. Among them were men who had personally told me the way they are maltreated. So we began to sing the *Internationale*. After a moment of surprise on board, we were greeted with expressions of approval. A petty officer lifted his cap, and some of the sailors made discreet signs of approbation. They had to be careful, for the officer of the day was on the bridge. I could feel, however, that these sailors were with us in the bottom of their hearts. They stared curiously at our strange water cortège with its flying banners, on one of which they could read in French: 'The Railroad Employees and Maritime Workers of Canton to Their Comrades in France.'

A few minutes later we were at the station. The Railway Workers' Union had placed a private car at our disposal. The whole train was placarded with revolutionary mottoes. Thousands upon thousands of workingmen had spontaneously assembled to bid us farewell. We sang together several revolutionary songs. A curious incident occurred. One of the demonstrators handed me his calling card. This is a common custom in China because of the language difficulty. Immediately everybody else wanted to do the same, and in a few minutes I had more cards than my hands could hold. One man, a Chinese mechanic who had worked during the war in the Creusot Works in our own country, had written in approximate French: 'French Workers should support us against Imperialism.'

'Trust to us, Comrade,' I said.

We made farewell speeches from the platform of our car. Then the train slowly drew out of the station. The Whampoa Cadet Band played, detachments of armed trade-unionists and of the military presented arms, officers saluted. But the most impressive, most moving feature of the farewell was the great roar of cheering with which the huge throng sped us on our way. Some ran along the track after us until they were exhausted, as a mark of courtesy and regard.

Rice fields surround us. People are working everywhere. Not an inch of land is unutilized. Two men who look like squirrels in revolving cages operate a great wheel that lifts water to irrigate the crop. Yonder a peasant tills his field with an ancient plough drawn by a water buffalo. A primitive picture.

But this is not a poor section of China. 'The richest part of the province,' we are told. The villages are neat and the houses simple but well built. Now and then a large white manor house belonging to the 'gentry' breaks the monotony. As we approach each station we are welcomed by a rattle of firecrackers. Notice of our coming has been sent ahead by the railway unions, and their local members are drawn up in line upon the station platforms. In many of the villages the peasants' unions, with official banners bearing their emblem, the white plough and the Kuomintang star, are also drawn up to receive us. Many of these groups are armed with muskets — of an ancient type, to be sure, but better than bamboo spears for fighting the Reaction-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aries. They are immensely proud of their organization. It is the first agency of self-expression and self-assertion these downtrodden people have ever had. We were compelled to address many impromptu meetings. At the larger stations great gatherings were waiting, to which we must explain at length the purpose of our journey. As a result we reached Shiuchow four hours late.

Here we are greeted by General Chen Chia-yu, a great friend of the peasants, and by the political commissars of his army. I am greatly surprised when one of the latter inquires by name, in excellent French, about several of our Party comrades at home. Two thousand picked men, each carrying a huge lantern, are drawn up at the station and act as our escort of honor to the yamen. An accident occurs en route when a pontoon bridge parts under the weight of our dense column and throws several of the lantern bearers into the river.

In the yamen, delegations from numerous labor and peasant unions call upon us. General Chen is a man of simple tastes and democratic ways. The representatives of the peasants speak of him as their best friend, who has given them arms to repel the attacks of the Reactionaries. He is a little, loquacious, chubby man, who does his best to make us feel at home. When we reached the yamen he said to us, 'This is the first time that a foreigner has ever entered my official residence. Not a missionary or business man from the West has ever set foot inside it, for I know they come to China with an axe to grind. More than that, they do not come alone. They bring soldiers with them. But you are our friends. My house is yours. Make yourself at home here as long as you care to stay. Now tell me something about what is happening in your country.'

Shiuchow is a citadel with mediæval fortifications, — crenelated walls, drawbridges, and moats, — occupying a position of great strategic importance. General Chen has taken us around it. His yamen is an immense establishment consisting of a series of courtyards bordering a long avenue of magnificent shade trees. The architecture is very strange to a Westerner. Odd horns and dragons project from the roof and gables. Low walls, a metre and a half high, surmounted by paper screens in wooden frames, form the partitions. I slept last night on a little camp bed, but the General turned over his own bed to Tom Mann.

On account of the respect which the Chinese have for old age, the dignity of our delegation has been greatly increased by Tom's venerable appearance and seventy-two years. The people appreciate the more his courage and devotion in undertaking a long and fatiguing trip to visit them.

We have seen nothing modern in this city of one hundred thousand people. It remains just as it was when it was built two or three thousand years ago, with narrow streets scarcely two yards wide bordered by rows of shops and gambling houses — 'bad things but good taxpayers.' We have visited the school of the Peasants' Union, where one hundred and twenty pupils are in attendance. They are brought in from the country for a three months' term, during which they are given a short course in politics to prepare them to manage the local unions, and in military tactics to prepare them to organize and command the peasant militia. 'We rest great hopes on these young people,' said General Chen.

At the headquarters of the Peasants' Union we were served tea, cigarettes, and light refreshments. The president of the union, a convinced Communist, described the situation of the people

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as deplorable. 'We are extremely poor, and are compelled to pay extortionate land rents. One half of a tenant's rice crop goes to the landowner, one eighth for fodder, one eighth for fertilizer, and one eighth for seed. Consequently only one eighth is left to support his family of five or six people. Since the rent is fixed at so much rice per mow, the peasant's portion shrinks to almost nothing in bad years. He must then resort to the usurer, who lends him barely enough to exist on, at fifty per cent interest a year. Naturally debtors seldom get out of debt under such conditions. Eventually they are sold out, if they have anything which the money lender can attach. After that they "take to the mountains" and become bandits.

'The other day,' continued my informant, 'I was invited to the first meeting of a village union, and overheard the two principal peasants of the place discussing who should entertain me. The first one said: "You can't take him home, for you have n't a mosquito net." The second answered: "Well, you're still worse off. You haven't a mosquito net and you haven't even incense" — which is burned at night to drive away mosquitoes. To be without incense is a mark of the extremest poverty in this part of China.'

'What are you doing to better the situation?' I asked.

'We are organizing very rapidly. In our district we have more than three hundred unions with one hundred and sixty thousand members. But we are meeting with great difficulties. The greatest of these is ignorance. Sixty per cent of the people have never received any education whatsoever. The gentry are still strong and have organized a militia of their own to fight us. Only yesterday one of their bands attacked a village twenty-five miles from here and killed or wounded twenty of our members. We have decided that rents must be reduced by one third, but we are not strong enough as yet to enforce our demand. But we are arming as rapidly as we can.'

CANADA'S JUBILEE [1]

BY A 'NEW STATESMAN' CORRESPONDENT

THIS week-end the people of Canada are celebrating in elaborate but dignified fashion the Diamond Jubilee of the Pact of Confederation which in 1867 welded the scattered British colonies of North America into a compact political society. And not the least interested spectators of the celebrations will be the dwindling band of men and women who witnessed the birth pangs of the Dominion and can therefore appraise better than their descendants the prodigious changes which have befallen their country in the intervening sixty years. In 1867 Canada was still in the main a straggling community of pioneer settlements whose inhabitants had launched a tremendous challenge to the wilderness and were engaged in making it good;

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *July* 2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less than a third of the population lived under urban conditions, and only two cities, Montreal and Toronto, had a population of more than fifty thousand. More than twenty years of bitter political feuds and unhappy governments had forced drastic action, but the political future of the country was by no means settled. Communications with the mother country were slow and difficult, and the ties were far from close. Influential British politicians, not confined to any one Party, openly welcomed Confederation as a prelude to the state of complete independence which in their eyes offered Canada her happiest destiny. Relations with the United States were exceedingly cool, and the Northerners had recently vented upon Canada their resentment for the attitude of the governing classes of Britain during the Civil War by the summary abrogation of the Elgin-Marcy reciprocity treaty, which ruined hundreds of Canadian farmers. The West was still an unknown and uninviting land, given over to the buffalo, the Indian, and the hunter, and the legend was sedulously maintained by the fur traders that crops could never be profitably grown upon the prairie. The population was less than three and one-half millions, and the fraction of it which had any substantial savings and could be sure of a livelihood by any other means than arduous daily toil was very small.

Sixty years have now gone by, and to-day Canada finds herself a full-fledged modern nation equipped with all the physical machinery of an industrial civilization and confronted with all the baffling difficulties of complex modern societies. Problems like unemployment and poverty, which are the inevitable concomitants of industrial civilization, have made their appearance, and the arts of government and administration, which were simple matters in 1867, are now beset with manifold perplexities. But it is beyond dispute that since Confederation there has been an enormous betterment in the average standard of well-being. What were in those days luxuries enjoyed only by a limited class now rank as ordinary necessities, and the farmers and working classes, like their brethren in the United States, have access to amenities and amusements which would have sounded incredible to their forbears in 1867. Fine modern cities, whose buildings and private homes are equipped with the latest conveniences and mechanical devices, constitute the nerve centres of the Dominion, and the art of the town planner has saved the newer urban communities from many of the disabilities of the older. If efficient physical machinery and an amplitude of material comforts can offer any sure passport to happiness, then the Canadian people can to-day count themselves among the fortunate ones of this earth.

Great changes, too, have come in other spheres. At Confederation no less than twenty per cent of the people over twenty years of age were classified as illiterate; to-day the percentage of illiteracy is but five per cent of the population over ten years of age. In those days higher education was rare, and only McGill and Toronto Universities could offer the student access to a generous culture. In 1867 perhaps ten thousand young people were getting something better than a bare elementary education, but to-day no less than two hundred and eighty thousand are studying in universities or colleges of some sort. The achievements of the Canadian people in the fields of art and literature do not make an imposing show, and one adverse factor has been the allurement of the United States, which has drawn away

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in each generation many of the most talented writers and artists. But to-day a genuine native school of Canadian art, which had its origin in Toronto, is winning recognition and praise from outside critics, and there is more fruitful literary activity than at any earlier time in the country's history.

In the political milieu there have likewise been great transformations. The West, which in 1867 held less than fifty thousand white people, now contains two and one-half million, and the weight of its political influence has been rapidly increasing each decade and operating as a factor of disturbance to the old political balance. The British and French stocks still constitute the bulk of the population, but there are now almost two million other people, including many Americans and representatives of most European nations, who do not belong to them. The American immigrants are easily assimilated, but in connection with the European immigrants all the varied problems of the 'melting pot' process are being faced. Sir Charles Tupper, the last of the Fathers of Confederation, died in 1915, but the Liberal and Conservative Parties, which were born in the first Federal Parliament, survive. Stern political battles are still waged, but the fierce partisan spirit which gave the political warfare of the early days many of the characteristics of a Highland clan feud has now become unfashionable, and the presence of an independent group of about thirty strong in the Federal House of Commons is convincing evidence that a substantial element of the voters can no longer be herded within the corrals of the two historic Parties. Perhaps one reason for the increasing independence of political thought is the fact that on many important issues there is little fundamental divergence of outlook between the two major Parties, and one of the basic causes of this condition lies in the fact that French Canada, the most conservative community in the nation, which gave almost solid support to the Conservatives in 1867, is now equally solid on the Liberal side.

But an even greater change has befallen the political status of the Dominion. The completion of Confederation left the country still in the leading strings of Downing Street for many purposes: garrisons of British regulars were stationed at different places, all negotiations with foreign countries were conducted through the agency of British diplomats, and there were very definite limitations upon the autonomy of the Dominion. Lord Monck, the first Governor-General, was a political officer of the British Government, armed with wide discretionary powers; he acted as an interpreter of Canadian affairs for Downing Street's benefit, and was the medium of all communications between the British and Canadian Ministries. Each decade since 1867, however, has seen the advance of a process of emancipation from the tutelage of the Imperial Parliament which is now almost complete. There remain as links with the mother country the Crown and the legal authority of the Imperial Privy Council, but for all practical purposes Canada is an independent nation: she is responsible for her own system of defense, she negotiates her own treaties, and with the arrival of Mr. Massey at Washington she has inaugurated the practice of maintaining her own diplomatic agents. The present Governor-General is shorn of all his political functions, the final stripping having been done by the Constitutional Report of the late Imperial Conference, and his sole duty is to represent the Sovereign as a social and constitutional figurehead. Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has a seat in her own right in the Assembly of the League of Nations, and there are rumors abroad that she may soon emphasize her claim to a full parity of status with other sovereign communities by standing for election to the Council of the League. It is not so many years ago that Kipling described the Dominion in the famous lines: 'Daughter am I in my mother's house; But mistress in my own'; but Mr. Lapointe, the Minister of Justice, during a debate upon the Imperial Conference last session, declared that the sentiments therein expressed were completely inappropriate, because 'the family is a family of sisters equal in their rights and activities.'

For the moment Imperialism is an unpopular creed, and a spirit of political nationalism, to which the war gave a marked stimulus, is in the ascendant. The increasing penetration of American capital may well frustrate the dream of its devotees, but meanwhile they concentrate their energies too much upon destroying what they are wont to call 'the badges of political servitude' to the mother country and too little upon gaining general acceptance for the standards of public morality which a self-respecting nation should demand for itself. Yet it is a serious retrogression in political morality which is to-day the most disturbing feature of the Canadian scene. It would be absurd to claim that a utopian purity of purpose marked the conduct of the earlier generations of politicians, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was nothing if not a great gentleman, sweetened and refined politics in various ways, and Sir Robert Borden during his régime wrought a great improvement in the standards of administration. The war also operated as a healthy tonic, and the elevation of the national temper which it produced enabled the Coalition Government to terminate the vicious patronage system which had bedeviled public life from the country's earliest days. But since the war, through a variety of causes, there has been a deplorable reaction in many directions, and unfortunately its incidence has coincided with a period of reviving prosperity which has acted as a soporific upon the public conscience. Parliamentary and judicial investigations have proved indisputably that the administration of the whole customs service has been permeated with graft and corruption, that important politicians, civil servants, and eminent figures in the business world were involved in the unsavory scandals, and that the malpractices had cost the Federal Treasury millions of dollars and resulted in a widespread demoralization of business life. On June 14, for instance, the secretary-treasurer of a liquor firm in Montreal, called Consolidated Distillers, testified to the Customs Commission that his company had, between July 1923 and December 1926, paid to the campaign funds of both political parties the sum of three hundred and eighty thousand, six hundred and eight dollars, and deducted this sum for income-tax purposes as part of the expenses of the business.

Patronage has been restored in an unwholesome degree, and last session the Postmaster-General unblushingly proclaimed in Parliament his firm belief in the merits of the doctrine, 'To the victors the spoils.' The scandals connected with the Peace River and Athabasca elections were as bad as any in Canadian history; there was wholesale padding of the lists and stuffing of ballot boxes; and the voting of a priest who was absent in Austria and of the wife who had been provided for him was only one of the humorous episodes in a mass of political rascality. This very month, as the result of a deal of a very questionable character with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Federal Government, the Conservative leaders of New Brunswick are allowing the Liberal candidate an unopposed return in a seat which the late Tory member carried in the last two elections by majorities in excess of a thousand. Moreover, politicians in the highest places have undoubtedly stooped to actions and practices which are in sad nonconformity with the traditions of British public life, and there has been no particular reprobation of them.

The intelligent and public-spirited elements in the country are keenly sensible of the moral corrosion which has taken place; but Canada, as Mr. H. W. Nevinson wrote of the United States, is too large a country for concentrated indignation. What is urgently needed, and is not furnished by either the politicians or the clergy or the universities, is courageous moral leadership; and the moral renaissance in politics which is overdue must probably await the time when the generation of young men who fought in the war have established themselves in different walks of life and are able to make their influence prevail. But meanwhile the Dominion, having safely passed through the storms and stresses of youth and come to the full stature of nationhood during the stern trial of the war, has now entered upon the stage of adult maturity and is slowly learning to accept the responsibilities attached thereto. To-day, materially, she can be reckoned one of the cosier and more comfortable corners of the world, and her citizens have many reasons for counting themselves fortunate among mankind.

A BUCHAREST MEDITATION[1]

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

After the Epiphany charity ball, at which three queens, of Rumania, Serbia, and Greece, were present, as well as the kings of the former two countries, — an aggregation of royalties that this region of petty states accepts as a matter of course, — one hundred or more luxurious automobiles were parked in front of the most fashionable restaurant in Bucharest. Most of them were from free and democratic America. Here and there I saw an Italian car, but none from Germany. Past these ranks of Chryslers jogged a primeval horse car. Autobuses lumbered down the avenues amid a fleet of antiquated hacks drawn by the moribund horses that the Rumanians seem to prefer for these conveyances. Last of all, there were droshkies.

Bucharest's private and public conveyances are typical of this cheerful borderland city, where nothing ever gets out of date and yet the latest novelties are familiar; for Bucharest has a catholic tolerance for all times and customs. The main salon of the fashionable restaurant where the fine automobiles were parked is decorated in the stucco Renaissance so popular in Berlin during the eighties. Here,

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *April* 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, this style attains an exuberance unknown elsewhere and is still more or less the accepted thing in official architecture. The Library, which Charles I gave the city, and the National Bank are more modern. Some public buildings, moreover, represent an effort of the Rumanians to develop a national style of their own — florid and massive. Modern, rather overdecorated hotels, solid and tasteful bank buildings, and up-to-date business houses strengthen the Western note in the city centre. Domestic architecture, however, has wrought the greatest change in Bucharest's appearance during the last twenty years.

An amazing number of miniature palaces and microscopic castles border the avenues of the Rumanian capital. They must have been erected by a social class which considers itself sufficiently privileged and powerful to advertise its prestige. But where do the common people live? The visitor discovers no modest middle-class homes. Unpretentious cottages and self-respecting villas are almost entirely absent. Some simple and serviceable residences do survive from an earlier age, which in their day of modest standards were doubtless regarded as of almost feudal magnificence. Rumanians say: 'We have no middle class.' They may not expect you to believe them literally, but as a matter of fact more than ninety-two per cent of the people are peasants. That does not leave much of a margin between the peasantry and the nobility. The common people feel themselves too weak to stand on their own feet. So as soon as they rise above the peasant level they try to copy the aristocracy — in their dwellings as well as in their manners.

Thus the boyars continue to set the social standard, although their estates have been hard hit by the recent expropriation laws, and Bucharest still takes its tone and aspect from the old feudalism. The patriarchal spirit natural to this land of plains and mountains still prevails and makes the capital even to-day a garden city. A relatively small fraction of its area is actually covered with brick and mortar and asphalt. Despite all its futile efforts to ape a Western metropolis, it remains a pleasing, straggling town embowered in greenery, and although its population has tripled since the war, and is now one million, it has not acquired an urban aspect.

Yet the streets are packed with people. Sturdy, tawny, sunburned peasant faces abound. Every true Bucharester loves to saunter idly down the avenues. A thousand picturesque components make up the motley street life. In Berlin we tolerate only well-clothed beggars, and classify society into rigid categories which we try to separate as far as possible from each other. That keeps unpleasant things out of sight. Here in Bucharest all ranks, classes, conditions, and races rub shoulders. Yet types are more sharply differentiated from each other than in Western Europe. The upper classes look as they do all over the world. Next comes a stratum of solid, substantial, but quite Rumanian business men. Just below them is another class harder to define, possessing that inimitable elegance found only in the Balkans — a knack of being enormously elegant at infinitesimal expense. Students abound everywhere — intense, eager, typical of their class. There are twenty thousand more than in Berlin, despite the greatly smaller population. And beneath all these are the masses, hard-working, bowed down with labor, careworn, yet with an exotic something in garb and manner that shows that Rumania is not an industrial country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is a Rumanian? I had no sooner boarded my train for Bucharest at Berlin than I fell in with a party of people from that city who were having a lively dispute as to which of them were real Rumanians. Eventually it ended in a debate as to whether such a thing as a true Rumanian really exists. The only point upon which they were agreed was that they are a handsome people. But that only turns the discussion into another detour: Are they handsome because they are a mixed race, or because they are pure-bred descendants of the ancient Roman colonists or of the Dacians?

Not long ago Professor Jorga, a gentleman of the old boyar stock, who always wears a gray peaked lambskin cap as a mark of his princely rank, even when riding in his automobile, returned from a propaganda trip to Italy and France, where he had sought to impress upon his fellow Latins the fact that the Rumanians were their racial brothers. He declares that he has converted Rome and Paris to his doctrine. As a matter of fact the Rumanians are undoubtedly a mixed race, combining several happy ancestral strains. They owe their gift for languages to their infusion of Slavic blood. They are determined, however, to be Latins. It is an interesting question whether we may not have races by election. Personally I feel certain that the Rumanians will eventually make themselves Romans by desiring it.

One danger faces them, however. In 1919 their country was suddenly doubled in size and population, not by organic growth but by a political accident. The new additions were preponderantly Germans, Bulgars, Jews, and Hungarians. We have every reason to assume, therefore, that it will take several hundred years to give the people of the country the racial identity they desire.

No matter how much Bucharest strives to be Occidental, its people are still Easterners. A Rumanian does not speak of 'Western Europe'; he simply calls that part of the world 'Europe.' We are wont to say that the Balkans have only a European veneer. That may be true; but closer inspection may show that the veneer possesses considerable solidity of its own. And meanwhile, is n't Western Europe acquiring an American veneer? Be this as it may, the people of Bucharest live their own lives in their own way, regardless of what the rest of the world is doing. They are intensely individualist and self-sufficient. In their determination not to let their lives be standardized by Western forms and dominated by Western rush and hurry they are more truly European than we are ourselves. If you want to see real Europe to-day, go to Bucharest. But you had better hurry. No man can tell what the morrow will bring.

As an illustration of what I mean, consider the way the city amuses itself. Berlin is now said to be the greatest amusement city in the world. We Westerners have made a business of amusement. We have standardized it. It has become a sort of duty which threatens to develop into as tiresome drudgery as routine labor. People in society wear themselves out keeping up with their obligations. We imagine we are not getting all we should out of life unless we live with maximum intensity. In Bucharest, on the other hand, the test of happy living is the personal pleasure which each individual gets from it, not the opinion of his neighbors.

Another illustration. Western Europe has borrowed from America artificial aids to beauty, until it sometimes seems as if the Last of the Mohicans had avenged himself upon his exterminators by bequeathing them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his war paint. In Rumania the ladies dress more conservatively than in the West. They use less cosmetics — and, though I have looked carefully, I have yet to discover a man in the Balkans who employs them. On the other hand, I have been a guest at many a patriarchal dinner in the homes of the very highest social circles where innumerable children and relatives gathered around the board and listened with admirable discipline and silent attention to what the stern father and the foreign gentleman had to say. Jazz made no conquests here. People still cling to their old melodies, although they may have heard them ten thousand times. There is a tax of five thousand lei upon every fox trot played at a public concert.

Some may conclude from this that Bucharest is dull and out-of-date. Yet that is far from being the case. The city and the people have passed through some of the hardest experiences endured by any nation during the war and the post-war crisis. They are slowly but steadily rebuilding what they have lost. Yet Rumania still remains a great reservoir of economic and moral vigor. The Balkans have a great future before them.

FROM CHARLOT TO CHAPLIN[1]

BY ROBERT DE BEAUPLAN

A FEW months before the war the French public, which had up to then been satisfied with the antics of Max Linder and the grimaces of Rigadin, met a new clown on the screen. He was a strange little man attired in a grotesque costume that consisted of an oversized pair of trousers hanging down in the seat as the pants of clowns always do, a black coat too tight and too short for him that kept riding up on his chest, a fantastic-looking vest, a necktie askew on a tattered detachable collar, and a hat like a melon, perched on an unruly mop of hair. None of this was particularly novel. Other characteristic touches included a little toothbrush moustache growing out of his nostrils and an automatic way of walking with his feet sticking out sideways to emphasize his two enormous shabby shoes with flapping lacings. In his hand he carried the flexible thin stick of a dandy. Even then he had his eyes — those admirable eyes capable of expressing every sentiment under the sun; but in those days they were not appreciated.

He played, as was the custom at that time, brief sketches of never more than ten minutes' duration that moved at epileptic speed. His agility was acrobatic. No one rivaled him in dodging the cream cheese thrown by a shopgirl's revengeful hand just after he had upset all her wares. There was no one like him at dropping a pile of plates, falling flat on the floor, bounding up again like a rubber ball, outdistancing twenty pursuers, scooting between their legs only to receive a rap on the head that knocked his ridiculous

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated weekly), *May* 21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hat down to his chin, fighting with an umbrella blown inside out, or getting entangled in ladders and bringing down in his wake a chaos of destruction that made it look as if a tornado had passed. And the public cheered him on — never doubting that within a few years Charlot would disappear; never suspecting that anyone would be gravely talking about the genius of Charlie Chaplin, seriously declaring him the best actor in the world, hailing him as the creator and classic of an unsuspected art. Who would have thought that he would finally emerge the living incarnation of the comic spirit, such a human and profound figure that he at length personified the drama and the destiny of man?

This unquestionably unique trick of fate we must at least attempt to explain. The most striking thing about Charlie Chaplin is the universality of his genius. He is probably more familiar to more people than any other man in the world. Millions of individuals of every nation, of every class, of every culture, know his face — not the face of the correct, taciturn gentleman he is in real life, but that other face his own fancy has fashioned. This triumph can be laid to the miraculous diffusion of the cinema, with which neither the theatre nor literature itself can compete. But the cinema has served Charlie Chaplin as it has served nobody else, and he therefore carries the mystery of his attraction within himself. Though he is a comic figure, laughter may well be said to be one of the most circumscribed aspects of the collective soul. It varies with times, traditions, and surroundings. It rarely unifies the crowd and the elect. It is communicated with difficulty from one people to another. Here it is coarseness, there humor, elsewhere irony. Charlie Chaplin ignores these distinctions: he has imposed himself on all peoples. He ravishes the populace and the intellectuals, the middle classes and the advance guards of art or of snobbishness. What exceptional manner of man is this?

Charles Spencer Chaplin was born on the sixteenth of April, 1889. Was it in London or, as he pretends, in Fontainebleau? His father was an eccentric comedian and his mother was Spanish and a singer. At the age of eight he appeared on the stage in a dancing number. He possessed an innate gift of imitation and parody, and people were vastly amused at the way he copied the intonations and peculiarities of the great English actors. When he lost his father, poverty followed. His mother, without an engagement, did sewing in her room while Charlie and his young brother Sydney acted as messenger boys in the gloomy Whitechapel and Limehouse quarters. Here were ineffaceable childhood impressions.

But all the time Charlie was destined for the theatre. For fourteen months he played the part of the groom, Billy, in *Sherlock Holmes;* and then he sang and danced in vaudeville. Finally, at the age of seventeen, he joined Fred Karno's pantomime troupe. English pantomime is a special genre. It demands the interpretive skill of an actor as well as dancing, singing, and clowning ability. It develops, with the stark coldness that is the essence of its drollery, simple themes animated by personal improvisation: 'The Drunkard's Return,' 'The Clumsy Magician,' 'The Boxing Lesson,' 'A Night in a London Club.' The last-named sketch was Charlie Chaplin's triumph. He had always specialized in drunkards' rôles, but since he had leisure during the day he would study medicine in his shabby room and read Schopenhauer.

Karno's company traveled fre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quently, and Charlie Chaplin followed it to the Continent and to America. In France he saw several of Max Linder's films, which awoke his interest in the cinema. Early in 1910 he was in New York. The Biograph comedies confirmed him in the plan that he had been meditating upon for some time — to film one of the pantomimes in his repertory. He ingenuously thought that he merely had to act it out in the open air in front of a camera that would take the scene from one end to the other. At this time he did not even know that reels had to be cut and mounted. But he did not have time to realize his project, for he had to go to Canada, and then back to Europe.

These beginnings remind one of Molière's early days, when he traveled the length and breadth of France acting buffoon parts in Italian comedies. Charlie Chaplin resembles Molière in another respect. He observes life in the same way that Molière contemplated it from Pézenas's barber shop. From daily life he demands the stuff and substance to put into his comedies, transposed and stylized. An amusing scene in which fate participates, a grotesque character met in the street or some public place, haunts his imagination until he discovers the means of reproducing it in his own way. He tells, for example, how he once saw a man, a few yards away from him in a restaurant, beginning to smile and wave. Believing that these salutations were intended for him, he responded as best he could, when suddenly he perceived that they were addressed to a pretty girl seated behind him. This scene was reproduced in one of his first comedies, 'The Cure,' and was repeated in 'The Gold Rush' to gain an almost pathetic effect. The departure of a fire engine, the difficulty of ascending a moving stairway in a big store, a prize fight, and hundreds of other similar incidents, provided him with the makings of a comic idea that he would endeavor to realize.

At the close of 1912 he visited the United States a second time, and it was then that his music-hall success suggested to the Keystone studios the idea of engaging him for a year. Under the lofty direction of Mack Sennett, who had from the first declared that Charlie Chaplin would never amount to anything in the movies, he was made to appear in forty films during these twelve months. He began by seeking for his physical type. After acquiring a long overcoat and a high hat, he thought of all those little Englishmen he had seen with tiny black moustaches, tight-fitting clothes, and bamboo canes, and he decided to take one of them as his model. At this time he was far from being his own master, but he soon obtained permission to apply his own conceptions. His exploiters had no ground for complaint.

In 1912 the comic cinema, after many false starts, was undergoing a literary phase, in so far as it was annexing all the platitudes and cheapness of the vaudeville acts then in vogue. It is certain that the cinema was then kept going only by subtitles compounded of falseness and absurdity. Chaplin's first merit was to suppress all this useless apparatus. He gave up confused intrigues and returned to the fundamentals of Karno's pantomimes. Many of these pantomimes he transported direct to the screen. Here are the titles of a few of his first forty films: 'The Piano Movers,' 'The Property Man,' 'Tillie's Punctured Romance,' 'The Tramp,' 'By the Sea,' 'Police.'

From this time on Charlie Chaplin had, by astounding intuition, discovered the elements of his technique. They are, in brief, the eternal laws of laughter just as the philosopher Henri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bergson has defined them in his celebrated study of that subject. They are surprise, contrast, sudden loss of equilibrium, repetition. Charlot — to give Charlie Chaplin the name that he does not like much but that evokes for us the character we knew in these first productions — is a piteous, calamitous wretch. That is why he plays opposite colossal figures, and preserves, under all circumstances, the meticulous habits of a dandy. See him pulling at his coat, arranging his tie, sticking a flower in his buttonhole, dusting off with his handkerchief the bench where he is going to sit, rubbing his hat after it has fallen in the mud, and playing with his little cane.

At the close of 1913 Charlie Chaplin left the Keystone studios for Essanay, for whom he agreed to make twelve films a year. The cinema was already emerging from its condition of hasty improvisation. He almost fulfilled the agreement, taking only fifteen months to make eleven pictures. In March 1916 he signed with the Mutual for twelve more pictures. These were recently reëdited and shown, during the past year, at the Vieux Colombier and the Cinéma du Pavillon.

Here Charlie Chaplin took one more step in his evolution. In these new films, which included 'The Floorwalker,' 'Easy Street,' 'The Immigrant,' and 'The Adventurer,' he was not only a comic, but a social, type. Originally what he had transported to the screen was the music-hall clown or eccentric, but in divesting this character of its theatrical accoutrement he reintegrated it and invested it with the uncertain fantasy of life itself. This insistence on realism inevitably led him further afield, and at length brought him to the discovery of that wandering soul lost in the innumerable crowd. That character, fused from thousands of different types, he always more or less resembled. America, a new country that still attracted those in search of adventure, was pitiless to the unadaptable person who could not find a place for himself in the business man's struggle for life or who got caught in the wheels of the machine. This unlucky creature, this pariah, was generally the immigrant, cast by the vicissitudes of existence on these suspicious and inhospitable shores. Charlie Chaplin was this man. He gave him a soul. He won for him a magnificent revenge against hostile fate. He passes through life at hazard because experience has taught him that premeditated designs go wrong, and he travels alone because his dislike of others arises from their unfailing insensibility. He is timid and aggressive, servile and insolent; he rebels against laws but submits to fate; he is lazy and industrious, humble and proud, cynical and ingenuous. Thwarted and oppressed, he always clings to two sentiments that he will never lose, two sentiments that represent his defiance of the world — imperturbable dignity and irreducible optimism.

Charlie Chaplin was already celebrated when, in September 1917, the First National offered him a million dollars for eight pictures, to be delivered within eighteen months. These were magnificent terms, although by this time each of his productions would bring in about three million dollars. More and more, Chaplin was ceasing to be merely an interpreter. He was imposing on his work his own authority as director, his own conception of moving-picture art, and his own technique. His search for perfection abolished all other contingencies, such as time and money. He would take the same scene twenty or thirty times so that he could choose from all this length of film the best pieces, and these he would then piece

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

together. That is why, instead of taking eighteen months, he put in five years — from September 1917 to September 1922 — making these eight films. Meanwhile, in 1921, he paid a triumphal visit to Europe, and while he was in Paris a Minister, thinking to honor him, gave him *la rosette de l'Instruction publique.* Governments often do not know. . . .

'A Dog's Life,' because of its scope and quality, is Charlie Chaplin's first great film. In this First National series the social type, whose personal exactitude had already been established, was raised to a symbolic significance. Let us forget America. We have before us Society, and, in opposition to it, the individual. Is Charlie Chaplin an anarchist, or, as some people maintain, is he a Bolshevik? Those are big words. He does not try to upset public order; he is not in violent or indignant revolt against institutions or conventions, for his irony is transcendent. Three films attest to this attitude: the gay buffoonery of 'Shoulder Arms!' ridicules war, 'The Kid' satirizes official philanthropy, and 'The Pilgrim,' the most audacious of all, transforms a convict into a respectable clergyman, as if there were no difference between them but their clothes. Montaigne had signified as much, and the world is indeed a vast comedy for those who think; but it is a tragedy for those who feel. When we see the poor tramp, spurned by his own kind, finding affection only in his dog or trying to rescue little Jackie Coogan from a public charity, it draws real tears from our eyes. Chaplin's mask has taken on a pathetic immobility, and only his eyes of a beaten animal reflect the immeasurable distress of living.

Released from the First National, Chaplin wanted, in November 1918, to put on a dramatic film. He worked ten months on 'A Woman of Paris,' where Adolphe Menjou was first revealed. There again he came to grips with social hypocrisy, for American Puritanism justifies certain generous crusades like those undertaken by Dumas fils. The only reproach that can be leveled at Chaplin is that he chose 'a woman of Paris' in order to bring home to us a study in moral deterioration, but censorship virtually forced him to do so. As for the progress this film represents in teaching lessons of sobriety, rhythm, and expression to the art of the moving picture, a special study would be necessary to do the subject justice.

Since 1919 Charlie Chaplin has been allied with Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and D. W. Griffith in a firm known as the United Artists. It was under its auspices that he produced 'The Gold Rush,' probably his masterpiece, and in any case a great piece of work. Here are all the elements that he had used before, from the acrobatics of his first films to the humanity of his later ones, as well as observation, humor, astounding fancy, (remember the dance with the rolls of bread?), emotion (what could be more poignant than the preparation of the Christmas dinner in the cabin?), joined with a serene philosophy of cause and effect, of the blindness of destiny, of man's mystification at the unknown chances of which he is the eternal sport.

'The Gold Rush' was presented in New York in September 1925. A year and a half has passed, and we are still waiting for 'The Circus,' which is in preparation. Charlie Chaplin is not in a hurry. Why should he be? He has independence, glory, and money.

People who have met him describe him as a sensitive artist, musical and cultivated, a virtuoso on the piano, the organ, and the violin, a man who reads,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meditates, and writes unceasingly, but also a solitary, restless type. This is the almost invariable mark that distinguishes great souls. Only in the intimacy of a few chosen friends like Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford does he expand, and then he appears as the most charming of companions. But these care-free moments are rare. Like all great comics, Chaplin is sad. He confided one day to one of his intimates: 'Do you understand the mortal anguish that seizes me every morning when, among ruined walls and pitiful surroundings, I find myself leaning back in a straw chair that I know is going to give way, and again come face to face with my implacable, crushing duty to be funny?'

He has also written of himself: 'I have studied man, because if I did not know him I could do nothing in my chosen line of work. The knowledge of man lies at the basis of all success.'

This study, for anyone who has undertaken it, will never end. Charlie Chaplin's career is full enough, and his work is fruitful enough, for him to consider that he has attained every ambition in life. Already he seems to have given us more than his share. But the future is still ahead of him, and he is only thirty-eight years old.

THE HOMER OF OUR TIME[1]

BY IVAN GOLL

[THE James Joyce vogue has crossed the Rhine. Over a year ago *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was translated into German, and now *Ulysses* is following suit, being slated for publication this fall. *Die Literarische Welt*, ever in the vanguard of literary progress and ever eager to emphasize the international significance of the arts, here gives a particularly lucid essay on Joyce which, though intended to introduce his baffling work to those who are unfamiliar with it, should also interest anyone who is acquainted with his writings at first hand.]

ONE hot Sunday afternoon in July 1920, in our little hotel in Sèvres, we were surprised by the arrival of a panting, sunburned family. The youngest child walked first. Behind him, through the garden, came a pretty girl, then the radiant mother wearing a new hat from Zurich; last of all, far, far in the rear, easy-going and apparently unaffected by heat or discomfort, strolled Mr. Joyce — you know, the writer we met in the Zurich station when it was raining cats and dogs; the fellow who had his coat collar turned up and who hurried away after a brief exchange of words. Writer? Yes, and an Irishman, if I remember rightly. He had firmly made up his mind to have his unknown play, *Exiles*, translated into German and published in Zurich. What could he expect of it? He had also written a little book of very restrained and melodious verse, entitled *Chamber Music*, that was fresh as the morning breeze.

[1] From *Die Literarische Welt* (Berlin literary weekly), *June* 17

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joyce, like many others, had stayed near Zurich waiting for the Continent to emerge from its inundation of blood, but to the writers, artists, and apostles of peace who filled the city he was known only as a solitary teacher of languages and as a private tutor. Of all those people in Zurich who shouted and proclaimed with such vehemence and pathos in the cause of peace, two are to-day more famous than all the others, though during the war both were solitary men, silent and unknown. They lived in neighboring suburbs, yet they were utterly different — Lenin dwelling in the proletarian quarter in his shabbily furnished hotel room that has since been so often photographed, and Joyce living with his wife and children in that inhospitable bourgeois house that became his refuge, even his home, in the University quarter. This was perhaps the first time — and then it was an accident — that these two names could be coupled together. Yet who knows but that history will place them side by side? For Joyce created just as much of a revolution in poetry and literature as Lenin achieved in the political world. Indeed, he was still working on his masterpiece, *Ulysses*, which some people think will be considered more important than that whole war.

But in those days only Joyce knew this. He looked like the bitterly resigned language teacher that he had been for years past — in fact ever since his marriage, when he quit Dublin for Trieste. Before this he had studied medicine in Paris, and for some time thought he wanted to be an operatic tenor. But his comical red goatee proved too startling.

And I too was startled the first time I heard him laugh. It was at once bitter and free, the true laugh of a faun in the forest. The flash of his blue eyes transfixed us, held us, overpowered us, though at another time the same sincere eyes appeared cast down and ashamed, like those of a timid little boy. For his eyes were possessed by entirely different elements, depending on whether his mood was passive or active, though to the outside world they were merely laughing eyes, mild and blue.

Mild and blue to the outside world, but within they burned as fiercely as the iodine they were bathed in. A terrible disease befell them, and for years he has had to go to the doctor every day, wear bandages, submit to operations again and again, and live in the constant fear of losing his sight completely. He has been compelled to lie in bed for weeks on end in utter darkness, waiting until nightfall before going out. All this Joyce must endure because he has seen more than anyone else, in spite of those eyes, those eyes of a faun. He is inexorably eager to come to grips with life, inexorably laborious in that gigantic masterpiece, *Ulysses*, the Odyssey of the twentieth century, as he lightly calls it.

Ulysses is the Odyssey of a completely modern man through the adventures of a typical day. It reveals all those little worlds within worlds, the immediate world of self, and the inner and outer worlds, the soul and the object. The man is called Leopold Bloom, and he is as superhumanly gross as a Greek king, though he is only an Irish Jew who expresses himself just like all the other Dubliners whom he meets on that memorable day beginning early in the morning of Thursday, June 16, 1904, and ending in the wee hours of the following night. During all those nineteen hours that pass before our eyes he simply speaks, thinks, eats, and sleeps.

This Bloom has a wife called Marion, a singer, born in Gibraltar. She deceives him openly, but he puts up with it and does not stop loving her. Then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is his counterpart, Stephen Dædalus, who represents Occidental Christian culture, the unhappy, conscientious, artistically inclined young man living in this unprincipled era of the fleshpots.

What happens in this mad round, cast in the form of an adventure story after the ancient Greek pattern? Everything that can happen to an ordinary man with ordinary companions in the course of an ordinary day in an ordinary city like Dublin. The book penetrates like an X-ray the body and mind of the contemporary white man, revealing him in both his godlike and his medicinal aspects. All humanity is impersonated here.

Bloom is the common man who conforms to those superficial conventions and special customs that make one begin to acquire the look of living in a civilized state. He does not make much money as an advertising salesman; he is not very resourceful or fortunate; but he has a little ability, and thus he wanders, thinking of everything under the sun.

Marion is *the* wife, passionate and erotic, without the least interest in anything else. She appears only in bed, at the beginning of the day and at the end. At the beginning of the book Bloom gets up and cooks her a pig's kidney, and at the end he returns from his extensive travels, just as day is breaking, and lies down beside her without suspecting what gross visions are passing through her mind in a waking dream.

Stephen Dædalus, the tortured, thoughtful young man nursing a secret sin, — for he had not prayed when his dying mother begged him to, — received a stiff Jesuit education that gave him an intellectual yardstick to apply to his religion, æsthetics, and mysticism and warped his whole life with dialectic. Stephen in *Ulysses* is the same character that appeared in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. His career is here unrolled further, and for that reason it is almost essential to have read the earlier book before attacking *Ulysses*, though above all else *The Portrait of the Artist* is the author's own autobiography.

Stephen is the fatherless Telemachus who for an hour thinks he has found his father in the person of Bloom-Odysseus, the worldly-wise older man. Marion is Penelope, but she never knits. Instead she gives herself to Antinous Boylan. Homeric laughter rings through the whole book, and the faun in the thicket grins.

Ulysses is the most formidable parody anyone has ever written on the universe of God and man. It owes its force to the fact that it arises from a deep ethical conviction and a sense of comic despair such as only a true poet can feel. In Irish humor the face remains as impassive as a kettle full of boiling water — until it bursts. Joyce is no longer reverent. I believe that he enjoys parodying God most of all. But how unimportant all this must be to one who can depict accurately the daily middle-class routine without twitching an eyelash. He describes his hero's activities in the bathroom with the same indifference and objectivity that he describes him purchasing a cake of soap. He is no more shocked by the shamefully concealed sexual immorality of the middle classes than by a debate in Parliament. Everything that the hero thinks, feels, and dreams is written down coldly and fully in this book. The author rises above it all.

But behold — the middle class takes it seriously. The book is promptly banned in England and America. The New York postal officials burned five hundred copies of the second edition, and, of the five hundred copies of the third edition, four hundred and ninety-nine were destroyed at Folkestone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In order to have written this book of seven hundred and thirty crowded pages Joyce must have read and studied thousands of volumes and developed an extraordinary memory. He is equally at home in scholastic philosophy and modern theosophy. He juggles Latin and Hebrew, and is familiar with all the works of art and the intricacies of astrology.

Joyce's eye is a microscope, but his realism is quite different from the realism of Flaubert. There is nothing to which *Ulysses* can be compared. Joyce sees every millimetre of a man's nose and then describes it in such a way that it seems as big and important as a pyramid. This is no ordinary realism; in referring to Joyce's work we must use another word and call it superrealism.

Joyce has given everyone the impression that he has fashioned a new language. He has. Many English critics have united on this point, and claim that for the ordinary reader *Ulysses* must be translated into modern English, for it is written in the dialect of the year 2000. Skeptics may shrug their shoulders, but what can they say to the fact that Joyce has mastered all the English dialects and forms of speech from the time of the Middle Ages to the present? And that he has written in all these styles, one after another, in a single chapter of *Ulysses*, moving on and on until he ends with the modern journalistic and movie prose? Not enough! Another chapter is all written in the form of a newspaper, being split up into different items with an appropriate headline for each — a parody so skillful that it would make a newspaper editor rock with laughter. Not enough! Another chapter is written in the style of a book for young girls. Another takes the form of an examination paper — a series of questions and answers. The questions touch on such matters as how one brings a teakettle to the boiling point, and the answers ramble from the comic to the philosophic.

Apart from all these virtuosities and eccentricities of speech, Joyce has introduced to the techique of fiction a new element of the greatest importance to all European literature — the inner dialogue. Here the author lets the character think and speak for himself. Everything that whirls through this character's head is written down, often in half-words, sometimes only in syllables, absolutely mechanical, always following closely the actual experience of the person in question. A color, an intonation, a recollection, suddenly lifts us from our chair and carries us off to some distant countryside of dreams, of childhood, or of the future. The unknown and the unconscious spring to the surface from slimy depths, and the author presents them to us raw.

The closing chapter of *Ulysses* is a quivering masterpiece such as no one will ever be able to give us again. Here we follow the half-waking dreams of Marion Tweedy Bloom, full of bodily warmth and gross fancies, as she lies in bed beside her husband, recalling her different lovers, one after another. There is not a single punctuation mark or capital in this whole chapter of forty-two pages, and thus it achieves the desired effect of scattered, illogical thoughts.

In the same way each chapter and each subject is treated in its own appropriate style. There are no misprints here; not a word, not a comma, is out of place, and there are no errors in the conversation or in the grammar. A single powerful will has dominated it all. *Ulysses* is the most unbridled piece of literature in the world, yet it is also the most carefully planned. Although one is constantly running into unfinished sentences and isolated words, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prose is built up with as much art as Homer's hexameters or Petrarch's sonnets. The apparent obscurities and inconsistencies are intentional.

Joyce is a great student of language, and a great manipulator of it, too. He is almost as finished and intense a lyric poet as Mallarmé. He has carried poetry to its uttermost limits. Some people damn Joyce completely. Others can only compare him to Rabelais, Shakespeare, Swift, Flaubert, or Dante. But no one's work approaches his in magnitude and novelty. James Joyce is our great poet.

Yet on that summer day in 1920 I suspected no such thing, though all the time the manuscript of *Ulysses* was ready and waiting, written in the green, red, and blue pencils that the author used on his tremendous work.

LAW AND ETHICS OF MEDICAL CONFIDENCES[1]

BY LORD RIDDELL

In both law and ethics medical confidences are regarded as sacred, with certain exceptions. The question is what the exceptions are. When may the doctor tell; when should he tell; and when must he tell? In some European countries — France and Germany, for instance — the disclosure of medical secrets is a criminal offense. In Germany the rule includes midwives and apothecaries. The legal position in England may be stated thus, although in some respects not altogether free from doubt: —

1. A doctor, being in a fiduciary capacity, must preserve his patients' confidences unless relieved from the obligation by some lawful excuse.

2. Legal compulsion or the patient's consent is a lawful excuse, and the performance of a moral or social duty may also be a justification. Protection of the doctor's interests may also justify disclosure.

3. There is no legal privilege for medical confidences. If called as a witness a doctor must answer such questions as may be put to him by the court.

4. A doctor shares with other citizens the duty to assist in the detection and arrest of a person who has committed a serious crime.

[1] From *Lancet* (London medical weekly), *July 2*

First Proposition

'A doctor, being in a fiduciary capacity, must preserve his patients' confidences unless relieved from the obligation by some lawful excuse.'

This will not be disputed, at any rate on ethical grounds. Every doctor admits that he must preserve his patients' confidences. It is true that the ancient Hippocratic oath is rather hazy: 'Whatsoever I shall see or hear in the course of my profession as well as outside my profession in my intercourse with man, if it be what should not be published abroad, I will never divulge, holding such things to be holy secrets.' This amounts to little more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than a general declaration against gossiping. The practitioner is left to determine for himself what things in connection with his profession or not in connection with his profession 'ought not to be spoken abroad.' Perhaps an explanation is provided in Hippocrates' *Essay on Decorum*, in which he warns the practitioner not to gossip to laymen, as gossip may cause criticism of his treatment! But, as stated, the profession recognize that medical confidences are sacred. It must be confessed that many doctors are not as reticent as they might be. A surgeon who spends his days in removing appendices or gallstones, or in performing hysterectomies, does not perhaps realize that his patients may desire to preserve the secrets of their truncated anatomies. It must be admitted, however, that many patients, as we know to our cost, are proud to descant at large upon their illnesses, and in particular upon their achievements on the operating table. In many cases the doctor is only echoing his patient.

Notwithstanding occasional lapses, doctors are entitled to claim with justice that professional confidences regarding vital matters, such as venereal disease, what I may call unofficial pregnancies, attempted abortions, and the like, are rarely divulged. If the doctor gossips he only does so in connection with matters he regards as immaterial. If he falls from grace he offends through inadvertence or good-humored loquacity. Perhaps when his offense is pointed out he salves his conscience by the reflection that, if he has sometimes been indiscreet, he has on the other hand told many lies and exercised many economies of truth to save a patient's reputation. At the same time, if medical advertising were permitted, I am sure that a sign reading, 'Dr. Blank is a regular oyster. He never talks about his patients,' would be a valuable recommendation to the laity. Some doctors think they are entitled to disclose their private patients' secrets to other medical men or to their students. This is a mistake. Medical freemasonry does not justify such disclosures. The symptoms and treatment may be stated, but not the patient's name.

The disposal of doctors' case books raises an interesting point. Is the doctor entitled to sell them, and what are the responsibilities of the purchaser, and what are those of the doctor's executors? Many years ago I bought a doctor's case book in a secondhand-book shop for sixpence. Evidently it had been sold as waste paper or as part of a library. I suppose, strictly speaking, a doctor — or his executors — is not entitled to part with his case books containing professional secrets, and that in strictness the books should be destroyed. But in these days when it has become the practice to dig up the medical histories of the departed the destruction of the case books of leading practitioners might rob future generations of much interesting information. Whether these revelations are justifiable is another matter. Evidently they strike a blow at the foundations of medical secrecy.

Second Proposition

'Legal compulsion or the patient's consent is a lawful excuse, and the performance of a moral or social duty may also be a justification.'

This proposition raises more difficult questions. Legal compulsion is admittedly a lawful excuse, whatever it may be from the point of view of medical ethics. But when we come to the performance of a moral or social duty we are faced with serious problems. Let us take some hypothetical cases:—

(*a*) A family doctor is consulted by a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

husband or wife suffering from syphilis. Is the doctor justified in warning the other spouse to refrain from marital intercourse?

(*b*) A patient who is suffering from lunacy, venereal disease, or tuberculosis in a severe form tells his doctor that he is engaged to be married, and, although the doctor warns him not to do so, insists on proceeding with the ceremony. Is the doctor justified in warning the other party and his or her parents?

(*c*) The family doctor is consulted by an unmarried daughter of the house who proves to be pregnant. Is the doctor entitled to tell her mother?

(*d*) A doctor is consulted by a wife who has procured an abortion and who is seriously ill. Is the doctor entitled to inform the husband?

(*e*) A doctor is called to attend a domestic servant, perhaps a cook or a nurse, and finds she is pregnant or suffering from some contagious skin disease. Is he entitled to tell the mistress?

(*f*) A doctor is consulted by an engine-driver who thinks he is suffering from nervous exhaustion. The doctor diagnoses a serious heart affection and tells the patient he is not fit to drive. The patient disagrees. Is the doctor justified in reporting the matter to the railway company?

(*g*) A patient shows signs of incipient insanity and talks dimly of suicide. Is the doctor entitled to warn his relatives and friends?

(*h*) A doctor is consulted by a hairdresser suffering from barber's itch. He warns him not to pursue his calling until cured. The next day he sees him at work. Is the doctor entitled to warn the man's master?

(*i*) The doctor at a venereal disease clinic is consulted by a shopgirl suffering from a most contagious form of gonorrhœa. The patient lives in a hostel belonging to the store where she works. The doctor tells her she should leave the hostel as she may infect her companions. She refuses. Is the doctor entitled to warn her employers?

What is the doctor's position in such cases? Has he a moral or social duty justifying and perhaps necessitating disclosure? If he has, would it be a defense in the law courts?

What would be the position of a solicitor faced with similar problems? It is easier to put these questions than to answer them. In this country there is no direct decision on the subject, but an interesting Austrian case illustrates the principle involved. A venereal specialist who was sitting in a public bath pool saw a young man whom he had recently treated for a syphilitic sore about to enter it. The physician objected, and as the young man persisted he reported him to the attendant, who refused to allow him to bathe. Thereupon the young man brought an action against the doctor for breach of professional confidence. The court dismissed the case on the ground that the doctor had acted in the interests of the community. This admirable decision, which, of course, has no validity in Great Britain, corresponds with views expressed by English judges in relation to the professional privilege of a solicitor.

I now come to the general question of what a doctor should do when he perceives that grievous injury may result to a third party or parties if he refrains from making a communication that may involve the disclosure or partial disclosure of a professional confidence. A distinguished legal friend of mine has suggested that in certain cases disclosures may be justified on the ground that the object is to prevent the patient from doing a wrongful act. There is much to be said for this argument. The spread of infectious disease, for example, may give rise to criminal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and/or civil liability. Lord Stowell described the communication of venereal disease as 'an injury of a most malignant kind.' Mr. Justice Hawkins described it as 'an abominable outrage' and 'an atrocious barbarity.' The doctor may therefore claim that in certain cases he is entitled to take reasonable steps to protect the patient against himself. The terrible consequences to innocent persons of secrecy in the hypothetical cases of the syphilitic husband or wife, the diseased fiancé, the syphilitic cook or nurse, the hairdresser with barber's itch, the shopgirl suffering from gonorrhœa, or the incapacitated engine-driver, are matters deeply concerning the public welfare. Disclosure to avoid such consequences is justifiable and perhaps obligatory on both legal and ethical grounds.

But, admitting this, the practical question still remains to be answered: What should the doctor do? If he gives the warning he may get no thanks; he is certain to incur the serious displeasure of his patient, and he may find himself faced with legal proceedings. On the other hand, his conscience may worry him if he stands by and allows an innocent person or persons to run a serious risk which might be prevented by a word of warning. Moreover, in some cases, if he remains silent he may run the risk of incurring public or private odium and censure. No practical rule can be laid down. It all depends on the individual and the particular case.

Third Proposition

'There is no legal privilege for medical confidences. If called as a witness a doctor must answer such questions as may be put to him by the court.'

Strong objection has been raised by doctors to answering, in the witness box, questions involving a disclosure of professional confidences. The claim is that such confidences are or should be privileged in the same fashion as communications between solicitor and client. This view has been held not only by medical men but by distinguished lawyers.

The case for medical privilege is put thus. Medical confidences are sacred. Therefore they should be treated as such in all circumstances. Medical efficiency is a public necessity. To secure it patient and doctor must be assured that their communications will not be disclosed. Truth in litigation may cost too dear. In the interests of the community at large it is more important to maintain the sacred character of confidential relationships than to secure accuracy in a few law cases. On the other side it is claimed that it is undesirable to increase the limitations on evidence, that the existing system has caused no injustice or inconvenience, that there has been no public protest against it, that there is no evidence that fear of disclosure deters patients from confiding in their medical advisers, that the confidences of criminals could not properly be subject of privilege, and that, eliminating such confidences, there are but few occasions on which disclosures detrimental to the patient are required.

A typical case will display the respective points of view. A woman whose husband has been abroad twelve months consults a doctor as to her pregnancy. She has a spontaneous miscarriage. Her husband returns and lives with his wife. Some months later he hears that she had been unfaithful. He takes proceedings in which the doctor is subpœnaed as a witness. The doctor is asked what he treated the wife for. According to medical critics of the existing law it is improper that the question should be answered. The woman was compelled by her condition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to consult a doctor. Is it fair and right that by so doing she should involuntarily provide evidence of adultery? Had she gone to a solicitor for advice as to the legal position arising from her indiscretion her communications with him would have been protected. It is an *a fortiori* case that communications with her doctor should receive similar protection. According to their opponents it would be an injustice if the husband were debarred from proving his case. Any change in the law would require to be made by statute, and there is little chance that Parliament would alter the existing rule. Any such alteration would almost certainly be vigorously opposed by the law lords and judges. The whole tendency of legislation for many years past has been to simplify the law of evidence and to remove restrictions which prevent the whole story from being disclosed to the court. Consequently it is extremely unlikely that Parliament would be prepared to add to such conventions as still exist. On balance it seems most undesirable that fresh privileges should be created which may have the effect of obscuring the truth.

Fourth Proposition

'A doctor shares with other citizens the duty to assist in the detection and arrest of a person who has committed a serious crime.'

The law is clear. A person who, knowing a felony to have been committed by another, relieves, comforts, or assists the felon is an accessory after the fact. I suppose that binding up a murderer's wounds and sending him on his way rejoicing might suffice. Hale, however, expresses the view that a surgeon can safely attend a felon, but if he fails to report the felony to the police he will be guilty of concealing or procuring the concealment of a felony known to have been committed. It is obvious that it is no part of the duty of a doctor to act as a private detective. It is also plain that when, in the course of his professional duties, he has reason to think that a serious crime has been committed he is bound to help to bring the offender to justice although this may involve the arrest of his patient. For instance, suppose that during the hue and cry for the trunk murderer a doctor had been consulted by a man suffering from injuries which he admitted were sustained when struggling with a woman who had been killed in the encounter; obviously it would have been the doctor's duty to inform the police. Furthermore, no alleged ethical rule could have justified him in shielding such a criminal from justice. Plain cases of this kind require no further comment. Law and ethics demand prompt and decisive action. Indeed, even in the absence of a confession by the criminal, it would be the duty of the doctor to warn the police if he thought the circumstances suspicious. If the patient were innocent he would not suffer. If he were guilty he would get no more than his deserts.

Mr. Justice Hawkins remarked in the Kitson case: 'There might be cases when it is the obvious duty of a medical man to speak out, and it would be a monstrous thing for a medical man to screen a person coming to him with a wound which it might be supposed had been inflicted in the course of a deadly struggle.' In the Pritchard poisoning case the doctor stated that when he first saw deceased he was under the impression she was being poisoned. Commenting on this, the judge said that it was inconsistent with the doctor's duty as a medical man and a citizen to keep this information to himself. He added: 'I care not for professional etiquette or rule; there is a rule of life and a consideration far

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

higher than these, and that is the duty of every citizen and of every right-minded man to his neighbor, to prevent the destruction of human life; and in that duty I cannot but say that the doctor failed.'

Difficult questions, however, arise as to crimes of certain classes, such as abortion. If a woman admits to an abortion, is the doctor bound to go to the police, and, if not, is he justified in doing so? In the Kitson case Mr. Justice Hawkins doubted whether a medical man would be justified, 'for such a thing would be monstrous cruelty.' Too much attention must not be paid to this dictum, as the point did not arise for decision. More reliance may be placed upon Mr. Justice Avory's charge to the grand jury at Birmingham in December 1914. A woman had died as the result of an illegal operation. Three medical men in succession attended her, and to one at least she confided the name of the abortionist. No information was given to the police, so that the woman died without making a statement that could be given in evidence. The judge said that under such circumstances he had no doubt it was the duty of the medical man to communicate with the police so that steps might be taken to assist in the administration of justice. There were cases when the desire to preserve professional confidence must be subordinated to the duty of every good citizen to assist in the investigation of serious crime. It might be the moral duty of the medical man, even in cases where the patient is not dying or not unlikely to recover, to communicate with the authorities when he sees good reason to believe that a criminal offense has been committed. This pronouncement led the Royal College of Physicians, London, in January 1916, to pass a series of resolutions concerning cases of criminal abortion. In these it expressed the opinion that a moral obligation rests upon every medical practitioner to respect the confidence of his patient, and that without her consent he is not justified in disclosing information obtained in the course of his professional attendance on her. Also that every medical practitioner who is convinced that a criminal abortion has been practised on his patient should urge her, especially if she is likely to die, to make a statement which can be taken as evidence against the person who has performed the operation, provided her chances of recovery are not thereby prejudiced. If she refuses he is under no legal obligation, so the College was advised, to take further action.

Before issuing this memorandum the British Medical Association had an interview with the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, and the Public Prosecutor, when the Public Prosecutor explained that the authorities desired that medical men should report abortions attempted or procured by third parties when the doctor was of opinion that the patient was likely to die. As appears from the resolutions, the College advised its members not to give effect to these wishes. The British Medical Association adopted the same attitude. This view, however, does not meet with universal medical approval. Dr. Sidney Smith says, in his work on Forensic Medicine: 'It is no part of a doctor's duty to act as a detective, but it is equally certain that it is no part of his duty to act as a screen for the professional abortionist.' Similar views are expressed in Dr. Robertson's *Medical Conduct and Practice*. Since 1916, when the College of Physicians passed its resolutions, the practice of abortion has greatly increased. For instance, last week I noticed no fewer than five reported cases, in all of which, I think, the women had died. The question is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether, apart from legal obligation, the medical profession are justified in helping to conceal acts of this character. Of course a good deal depends upon the facts of the particular case. If the patient is not seriously ill it would seem that the doctor is not justified in making a disclosure unless there are special circumstances — for instance, if the case is one of a series in which operations have been performed by the same abortionist. An East End doctor, tried for murder, had kept records showing that he had performed no fewer than four hundred abortions. Considering the prevalence of abortion, the leaders of the profession are undertaking a serious responsibility in advising practitioners in such emphatic terms to disregard illegal acts of a most pernicious character.

To sum up, everyone recognizes the necessity and importance of medical confidences. Everyone recognizes that they are sacred and precious. But we must recognize also that the rules regarding them exist for the welfare of the community and not for the aggrandizement or convenience of a particular class. We must recognize also that they must be modified to meet the inevitable changes that occur in the necessities of various generations. As Cicero says, '*Salus populi suprema lex esto*,' or in English, 'Let the good of the people be the paramount law.'

BANISHED COMMUNISTS IN CANNIBAL LAND[1]

BY DR. AAGE KRARUP NIELSEN

THE sun was just dipping below the mountains which border palm-girdled Amboina Bay on the west when our graceful white Government steamer, Fomalhout, glided slowly out of the harbor. An observer from the shore might have supposed that she was a passenger boat carrying a party of tourists around the Netherlands Indies. Once on board, however, he would have quickly discovered his error; for her forward deck is crowded with Communists, rounded up from all parts of the East Indies since the recent uprisings, whom the Government is deporting to the remotest point in its possessions, the heart of New Guinea. The forward deck, however, is the coolest and pleasantest part of the vessel, and in that respect these involuntary passengers are no sufferers.

Since they are not to be imprisoned, but are to be compulsory colonists in a political penal settlement, they have been permitted to bring their wives and children with them. In addition there are some seventy-five soldiers' wives aboard, with as many nut-brown children, accompanying their husbands, who have been sent to strengthen the garrison of the new place of banishment, where an advance contingent has already been employed for some months clearing the jungle and erecting barracks.

Altogether every inch of our little steamer's deck space is occupied. Each family has brought a mat on

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *June* 19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which it lives. Here its members sleep, eat, receive visits, and sit hour after hour, gossiping and laughing as if they had not a care in the world. Luckily the sea is as smooth as glass. They have brought all their possessions with them — great bunches of bananas, wicker cages with roosters and chickens which are crowing and cackling all day long, similar cages with screeching parrots and cockatoos, and innumerable bundles, pots, pans, and sewing machines. In the midst of this confusion pot-bellied babies play and quarrel, getting a box on the ears whenever they become insufferably noisy. All parts of the Netherlands Indies are represented in this motley company — Sumatra, Borneo, Java, the Celebes, and the Molukkas. Most of the women wear sarongs and bright-colored little Javanese jackets with narrow sleeves, and some of them are exceedingly girlish and pretty.

Wherever a nail or hook is available, rifles, cartridge boxes, side arms, parts of uniforms, children's things, household utensils, and kettles are swinging. Our military contingent also includes a colonel, a captain, a lieutenant, a couple of white sergeants, and ten native noncommissioned officers.

The exiles accept their fate with Oriental stolidity. They vary widely in type. Some are decidedly unpleasant-looking fellows with brutal, cruel, surly faces. Others are such pleasant, peaceful, intelligent-appearing chaps that it seems incredible that they should have embarked on perilous political adventures. Some are clearly men of higher rank, whom the others instinctively obey. None of them shows any signs of sorrow at the prospect of spending several years isolated in the interior of a cannibal island. A Communist who looked like a Chinaman and had unusually intelligent and refined features told me he had previously been a teacher, and asked what I thought he could do in his place of banishment. When I inquired whether he would have kept out of the Communist agitation if he had known beforehand what the result would be, he answered quietly that he had acted from conviction and could not have done otherwise.

During the day the Communists sit in groups upon their straw mats, play cards, or listen to a little improvised orchestra of guitars and mandolins, which plays Javanese melodies and Western dances — of which 'Valencia' is the most popular. The scene suggests a village excursion more than a deportation.

After three days' steaming in an alternation of blazing sunlight and tropical downpours, we reach the mouth of the Digoel River. It is a mighty stream of truly continental dimensions, whose yellow water stains the sea for a long distance from the coast. The principal channel terminates in a labyrinthine delta of swamps and highlands nearly six miles wide. Our destination lies three days' journey, or about three hundred miles, from its mouth. The new settlement is popularly known as 'The Forbidden City,' because no one is permitted to approach it without the special authorization of the Government, but its native name is Tanemera.

We enter the main channel early in the morning, breasting a powerful yellow current running about five English miles an hour. Both banks are covered by an impenetrable green tangle of mangroves and jungle vegetation, above which tower gigantic trees with wide-spreading branches. Under their dense foliage and clustered parasitic vines the water flows through the thickety undergrowth, so that it seems as if the whole vast delta plain were actually afloat. As we proceed upstream this jungle wall grows thicker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and taller. A weird, uncanny silence oppresses the tropic landscape, broken at rare intervals by the cry of a forest bird or the chatter of a flock of cockatoos startled by the black smoke of our vessel. Not a fish breaks the surface of the mirrorlike stream, but we frequently pass huge tree trunks borne noiselessly but swiftly on its bosom. In the night, when we are forced to lie at anchor, these strike the vessel with resounding thumps that break our slumbers. Except for a few Papuans in canoes, who appeared just as we were entering the river, we have seen no sign of living inhabitants for two days' journey. At rare intervals a tiny clearing on the bank, containing two or three deserted huts perched on long piles, indicates former native occupation. These were tenanted until a few months ago, when a powerful and warlike tribe of head-hunting cannibals from another valley made a foray into the country and drove the terrified villagers to the interior.

We often skirt close to the bank; but hour after hour the scene remains monotonously the same — a green impenetrable wall of changeless vegetation, varied occasionally by huge blossoms of flaming red or brilliant yellow, or by clusters of orchids pendent in the tree tops, which we study with our opera glasses as we pass. On the evening of the second day a full moon allowed us to travel until midnight. Otherwise we should have had to drop anchor, for, though the river is deep, it is impossible to follow the erratic windings of its channel in the dark. Under the bright silvery moon the ancient and deformed tree trunks on the banks, with their panoplies of parasitic plants and vines, loomed like fantastic monsters through the deceptive half-light, suggesting great giants thrusting ragged arms in petition or in imprecation toward our steamer.

Until the penal colony was established a boat rarely ascended the Digoel. That evening, as we sat on the aft deck enjoying the coolness after a torrid day, we heard a long wailing shout from the black shore. It suggested the cry of some wild animal, but was actually that of a native, though whether his greeting was intended as a curse or as a friendly hail we could not tell. The sound was repeated at intervals until we lost it in the distance.

On the morning of the third day we reached a Dutch police post at Assike. It is a God-forsaken place, where men perish like flies of fever and loneliness, or drink themselves to death from ennui. The station consists of a single building, with a galvanized-iron roof, and a cemetery containing twenty-three graves, including that of one of the post commanders. This is a high rate of mortality in a garrison of forty men, within thirty months.

We supposed the place would be deserted on our arrival, but were signaled from the bank. Our steamer's boat put ashore and soon returned with a European and five native soldiers. The former was an old, jovial, white-bearded, red-cheeked Hollander, formerly a sergeant in the army and now in the civil service. He had been ordered to skirmish across the country to another post with a small patrol and thirty native carriers. The latter had deserted him, so he had returned to Assike and waited there patiently until a vessel should come along to take him away. For the last fifteen days he had lived on sago and pickled herring — the latter constituting the last of his supply of canned goods. Nevertheless he was in high spirits, and recounted his adventures with great gusto. His good humor was undoubtedly heightened by the prospect of a civilized meal accompanied by a flask of ice-cold Cloister Beer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A little later we passed a small native village whose occupants greeted us with the same characteristic wailing cry that we had heard the previous evening. They also made signs to us with bows and arrows and birds of paradise, which they wished to sell. The Communists on the forward deck replied with the same wailing shouts and gestures, and seemed highly gratified to find that there were other human beings in their prospective land of exile.

Just before sundown the Fomalhout dropped anchor at our destination. A couple of hundred yards ahead of us we could see a steep bank topped by a plateau from which the jungle had been cleared and whence the smoke of bivouac and barrack fires drifted across the water. The bank, a little dock below, and the whole scene beyond, were brilliantly lighted by the last rays of the sun. The Communists hung over the rail and stared silently but curiously toward their future home.

In a few minutes three large motor boats were busy taking ashore the soldiers, with their women and children, bags and baggage, cages and sewing machines, and all the rest. One of the women had brought with her a brand-new bicycle. They laughed and chatted excitedly and their faces were bright with happiness as they pulled off, while the soldiers on shore shouted a glad welcome to them.

When the exiles disembarked a couple of hours later, it was already dark. They were in a less buoyant mood. The glare of a powerful searchlight threw their features into sharp relief as they cautiously descended the gangway to the motor boat. The women, all of whom wore the Javanese costume, seemed somewhat timid. One tried to conceal her tears with her handkerchief. But the men showed no emotion. Here again it was obvious that some were leaders whom the others implicitly obeyed. All the men wore European clothing, and looked city-bred. Their soft felt hats, straw hats, black satin caps, and fashion-plate shoes were in striking contrast with the green khaki uniforms and practical campaign outfits of the soldiers and officers. As I watched them take their places in the boats with their bundles and packages, — some carrying fine leather handbags and suitcases, umbrellas, bundles of books, and guitars, — I reflected that they were peculiarly unfitted for life in a new jungle colony several days' journey from the outside world.

Our Dutch crew and officers leaned over the rail and watched the debarkation with phlegmatic composure. The thing was very simple to them. These people had tried to seize the government. If they had succeeded the mob would probably have massacred every white woman and child in Java. So, the Hollanders pondered, these exiles were only getting what they deserved — perhaps not even that.

'Cast loose!' somebody shouted. The motor boat, with a heavily laden skiff in tow, glided away from the steamer's side and disappeared in the blackness of the river toward a solitary lantern marking the site of the wharf. For a moment all was silent except for the chugging of the motor, growing fainter as the boat became invisible in the darkness. The Communist colony in the Digoel jungle had received its dedication.

In the first gray of dawn the Fomalhout silently dropped downstream again, to meet the cruiser Java at the river's mouth and take aboard another party of *déportés*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MELCHIZEDEK ON THE ROOF TOPS[1]

A TALE OF THE VENETIAN GHETTO

BY RAINER MARIA RILKE

Of course Mr. Baum — proprietor, mayor, honorary captain of the volunteer firemen, and many other things too numerous to mention — had to surprise me in my conversation with Ewald. Not that there was anything unusual about it. He was the proprietor of the house where my friend lived on the ground floor. Baum and I had known each other a long time by sight, but this time His Honor the Mayor stopped, raised his hat just long enough to have allowed a little bird to fly out, if one had happened to be imprisoned there, and smiled at us politely before breaking the ice.

'You travel now and then?'

'Yes, indeed,' I replied nervously, 'it's more than possible.'

Here he assumed a confidential tone.

'I think we are the only ones here who have been to Italy.'

'Really?'

I made an effort to pay more attention, for it was urgently necessary that my friend and I talk together. Mr. Baum laughed.

'Yes, indeed, Italy's a great place. Take Venice, for instance.'

I interrupted him.

'You still remember Venice?'

'Why, of course,' he sighed, for he was much too fat to get angry without tiring himself. 'How could I help remembering it? Once you have seen its *piazzetta* — well, you know how it is.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I am particularly fond of recalling how gently and silently the canal flows along.'

'The Palazzo Franchetti,' he interrupted.

'The Ca' d'Oro,' I replied.

'The fish market.'

'The Palazzo Vendramini.'

'Where Richard Wagner,' he added, 'cultivated German that he was —'

I shook my head.

'You remember the bridge?'

He beamed upon me.

'To be sure. And then the museum, not to mention the Academy where a Titian —'

Mr. Baum was submitting himself to a rather tiresome kind of examination. I decided to interrupt it with a story, and therefore began without further delay: —

'If you pass the Ponte di Rialto, then go the length of the Fondaco de' Turchi and the fish market and tell your gondolier to turn to the right, he will perhaps look at you in astonishment, and even ask you, "*Dove?*" But tell him to turn to the right just the same. Leave him in one of those dirty little canals, strike your bargain with him, and, after walking down several narrow streets, past soot-blackened houses, you will come to a little open square. I say this simply because my story takes place here.'

Mr. Baum touched my arm lightly. 'Excuse me, what story?' His little eyes rolled from side to side.

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *July* 2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I calmed him down.

'Never mind what story, my dear sir. It is by no means a story worth relating. I cannot even tell you during what epoch it took place. Perhaps in the time of Doge Alvise Moncenigo IV, but it may just as well have been earlier or later. You will remember that Carpaccio's pictures, if you have ever seen them, appear to have been painted on purple velvet. They exude heat, and in them discreet shades can be descried here and there among the quivering lights. Giorgione painted against a background of old gold, Titian on black brocade; but, at the time I am speaking of, people liked clear-cut figures on a background of black silk, and the name to conjure with, the name that sweet lips spoke during the sunlit hours, was that of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo.

'But that does not concern my story. It only has to do with the true Venice, the city of palaces, adventures, pale nights on the lagoons, the best nights in all the world, nights full of secret romance. In the part of Venice I am speaking of, one could only hear dreary noises of commonplace activities; the days followed each other so monotonously that they all seemed like one, and the songs that you heard were lamentations that did not exactly rise, but rather lay in the streets like undulating smoke. When twilight fell, crowds of vagabonds appeared. Innumerable children seemed to be quite at home in the streets and in the cold narrow doorways of the houses, where they played with broken bits of glass and shattered enamel just like what the great masters used in the mosaics of St. Mark's.

'Nobles rarely visited the Ghetto, though once in a while, when the young Jewish girls were going to the fountain, a black form, masked and mantled, could be descried. Certain people knew that this man carried a dagger, hidden in the folds of his cloak. Once, by chance, someone saw his face by moonlight, and ever afterward it was affirmed that the dark visitor was Marc Antonio Priuli, the son of the proveditor, Nicolo Priuli, and of the beautiful Catherine Minelli. It was known that he waited at the door of Isaac Rosso's house and then, when the streets were deserted, crossed the street at an angle and entered the dwelling of old Melchizedek, the rich goldsmith who had many sons and seven daughters, and whose sons and daughters had many children of their own. Esther, the youngest grandchild, would wait for the stranger, with her old grandfather, in a dark, low room full of glittering, shining objects. Silk and velvet lay in gentle folds over the vases as if to temper their brilliant golden glow. Here Marc Antonio would sit on a cushion of embroidered silver at the feet of the old Jew and talk about Venice, as of an old tale never told.

'He spoke of actors, of battles, of the Venetian army and of foreign visitors, of paintings and statues, of *La Sensa*, the Ascension Day, of the carnival, and of the beauty of his mother, Catherine Minelli.

'All these things meant something to him, — they expressed power, love, and life, — but they meant nothing to his two listeners, for the Jews were excluded from all commerce. Even the rich Melchizedek never set foot in the great Council Chamber, although he enjoyed such general high esteem as a goldsmith that he could have entered had he dared. During his long life the old man had obtained from the Council more than one favor for his coreligionists, who looked upon him as a father, though every time he did them a good turn a reversal of fortune followed. For whenever the State suffered disaster people took out vengeance on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jews. The Venetians were themselves too skillful at negotiations to entrust such matters to their Jews, as other people did. Instead they burdened them with taxes, despoiled them of their goods, and restricted the bounds of the Ghetto until the families, who continued to multiply in spite of their misery, were reduced to building their houses on top of each other. And their quarter, which did not touch the sea, reared itself upward in this fashion, slowly stretching toward the sky as if toward another sea; and all around the open square with the wells in it stood their houses whose walls looked like some giant's tower.

'In the eccentricity of his old age the rich Melchizedek had put up a surprising proposal to his fellow citizens, his children, and his grandchildren. He always wanted to live on the top floor of the highest of all these innumerable-storied houses. His whim was willingly granted, because no one laid much stock in the strength of the foundations and because the top stories were built of such light stones that the wind blew through them. Thus it was that the old man had to move two or three times a year, and Esther, who did not want to leave him, always went too.

'At last they reached such a height that when they went out of their narrow room on to the flat roof another country was revealed, of whose peculiarities the old man spoke in guarded terms. Calling on them involved a long climb before you reached their room, and as you ascended you went past many queer households. You were exposed to attacks by hungry children, and other obstacles served to make visitors increasingly rare. Even Marc Antonio stopped coming, and Esther missed him sorely. During the long hours she had spent alone with him, she had looked at him so long that it seemed to her he must have been swallowed up completely in her big sombre eyes, that he was dead, and that now a new eternal life was awakening in her, the life that he as a Christian understood. With this new feeling in her young body, she had stood on the roof for days on end trying to see the ocean. But, high as she was, she could at first only make out the roof of the Palazzo Foscari, some tower or other, the cupola of a church, and another more slender cupola, frozen, as it were, in the light. Farther away she discerned a grille-work of ships' masts against the hot, shimmering sky.

'Toward the end of the summer, in spite of all objections, the old man moved once more, although it was getting harder and harder for him to climb so many flights of stairs; but there was no help for it: a new little cabin had been built high above all the rest. One day when he walked across the square, after a long stay up there, many people pressed about him and bowed down, stretching out their hands, imploring his advice on many questions. To them he was like a dead man risen from the grave, because certain events had occurred in his absence.

'This was the way things seemed to be. People told him that Venice was in revolt, that the nobility was in danger, that the walls of the Ghetto would soon fall and all would enjoy equal liberty. The old man did not reply; he only shook his head as if he had known it for a long time, and a lot of other things as well. He entered Isaac Rosso's house, at the top of which his new quarters were situated, and spent half the day climbing upstairs. He found Esther up there with a light-haired baby.

'It was an incredibly clear summer afternoon. Everything looked sombre, almost dull. Occasional fleeting rays of light would pass quickly across the scene, sometimes settling for a moment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like great fleeting flowers before resuming their vague gilded course against the sky. And only from this vantage point could one see what had never been seen from the Ghetto before — a calm silver light, the sea. When Esther's eyes had become accustomed to this magnificence she noticed Melchizedek at the very edge of the roof. He was standing erect, his arms outstretched, forcing his tired eyes to survey the slowly fading light. His arms remained extended, but radiant inspiration illuminated his forehead. He looked as if he were accomplishing a sacrifice.

'Suddenly he let himself fall forward and supported his aged head on the cruel sharp stone. Meanwhile the people remained herded together in the square, gazing upward. The scattered words and gestures of the crowd made no impression on the old man, lost in solitary prayer. And the people saw his eldest son and his youngest son, both apparently shrouded in a mist. But time and again the old man rose up proudly and then prostrated himself humbly on the ground. And the crowd below increased and never took their eyes off him. Had he seen the sea or the Eternal God in all His glory?'

Mr. Baum tried to reply promptly, but he did not succeed.

'The sea, probably,' he remarked dryly. 'It was an illusion, in all likelihood.'

Saying this, he showed that he was an unusually sensible and reasonable man. Quickly I took leave of him, but I could not help shouting, as I went away, 'Be sure not to forget to tell that story to the children.'

He reflected.

'To the children? But how about that young noble, that Antonio, or whatever his name was? He did not seem to me at all a fine character. And then the baby, that baby! It seems to me that for children —'

'Oh, you have forgotten, my dear sir, that babies come from God. How could the children expect Esther not to have one when she lived so near Heaven?'

The children heard this story, too, and when they were asked what they thought of it, and what the old Jew really saw in his ecstasy, they replied, without thinking, 'Oh yes, the sea.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALMON FISHING IN MANCHURIA [1]

BY VICTOR DE FRANCK

THE River Tchol, winding its silvery way through the wilderness of the Hingan Mountains, was reflecting the last rays of the setting sun in one of its deep pools. A moth fluttering over the surface had just touched the water with its wings as a trout rose to meet it. A streak of silver lightning darted through the water. A loud splash. Shoals of minnows scurried for safety, and the trout disappeared in the large jaws of a mighty *taimen*, or river salmon, the master of the pool. I was just in time to hear the splash and to perceive the widening rings which marked the spot where the last episode of a piscatorial drama had been enacted. Deep down in the pool, head-on to the current, the taimen was watching again for a new victim, and so when my red-scale Oreno, which had landed after a successful cast on the opposite side of the pool, started zigzagging across, he viciously struck at the appetizing morsel, the impact nearly wrenching the rod from my hands. The sharp barbs of a treble hook setting in, and the unexpected tug at his head, came to him as a shock, and, surprised, he at first obediently followed the pressure of the line. Then suddenly his wrath flared up and in a headlong rush he started upstream. The click of the reel rose to a shriek as yard after yard of line disappeared from the spool, scorching my thumb. In midstream he came to a stop, and neither current nor steady pulling of the line could budge him an inch. For several minutes this tug of war continued, and then he gradually began to come in shoreward. Then a new rush, followed by a spectacular leap in which he nearly cleared the water; only a quick dipping of the rod prevented a disaster. After this came rush after rush, wild tug after tug straining line and rod to the breaking point. He knew he was fighting for his life now, and in the desperate struggle he taxed my angler's ability to the utmost. A bit of slack line and he would be able to shake the hook out; one second late in freeing the line at a sudden rush and the strongest silk could not have stood the test. And so the grim battle went on for many a long-drawn minute, until gradually the strain began to tell on him and his movements became slower and less wild. Once or twice the taimen's white belly had shone through the troubled waters, showing that the end was nearing. The time had come to prepare the gaff, and, choosing a convenient gravel bar, I began slowly to reel him in. He was on his side already, but when near shore he tried another desperate dash for liberty.

Prepared for this, I had no difficulty in checking his last effort. This time, in reeling in, the gaff was placed handy, and a few moments later a splendid twenty-nine-pound taimen, his black middle line standing out in sharp contrast with his silvery-green body, was flopping on the gravel at my feet, convulsively opening and closing his cruel jaws, which were set with rows of

[1] From *China Journal* (Shanghai English-language scientific monthly), *July*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needle-sharp teeth. A stroke on the head with a heavy-backed hunting knife put him out of misery and allowed me to free the hooks.

The taimen, or Manchurian river salmon, *Hucho taimen* (Pallas), although not so beautiful as his European and American cousins, is a most gamy fish and will put up a splendid fight when hooked. He has a bagful of tricks, too, for the unwary fisherman. A strong headlong rush will be succeeded by a series of backward tugging movements which are extremely difficult to check, and many a fine fish is lost in this way. Or he will show his head out of the water, open his jaws, and then shake the dangling bait as a terrier shakes a rat. He may sulk, too, in midstream for a long time and lead the angler to lose his patience and put too much strain on the line, whereupon the taimen departs for the deep unknown with bait and yards of line as a souvenir. The female of the species often uses an amusing trick which I have never noticed in any other fish. After a brief tussle she starts spinning round on her own horizontal axis, winding yards of line around her body. But this usually leads to her undoing, as, after having thus assumed the appearance of a salami sausage, she is unable to offer further resistance and comes shoreward like a log. Once, accidentally, I hooked a fifteen-pound taimen near its tail, and never wish to do so again. It took about one hour and the largest part of the skin of my thumb to land him, effectively preventing me from fishing for nearly a week.

To land a large-sized taimen requires good tackle and a lot of patience. Especial attention must be paid to the treble hooks used; they must be of first-class quality. The taimen's jaws seem to be made of steel, and in my tackle box I preserve as souvenirs several trebles flattened out and with broken barbs, the result of a first fierce onslaught. A wire leader is useful but not absolutely necessary, as the taimen's teeth, although sharp, are rather wide-spaced, and it seldom happens that he is able to bite through the line. However, one should never try to release the hooks with bare hands. I once had my finger bitten through by a six-pound taimen, and bear the scar still. Another time I carelessly tried to release the hooks while the fish was still alive: he flopped suddenly and drove one barb of the treble through my palm. I blush to think of the amount of profanity I used on that occasion. The safest and most humane way is to kill the fish immediately upon landing, and a fish so killed keeps better than one left to die slowly by exposure to the air. A sharp rap or two on the base of the neck is all that is required, and an old bayonet which I use for this purpose is a handy tool both for the *coup de grâce* and for the subsequent release of the hooks.

I should not advise trying to land a large taimen on a light tackle if you value your trout rod. He is too mighty an adversary to be trifled with. On my five-and-one-quarter-ounce fly rod I do manage occasionally to take a taimen up to ten pounds, but it always pains me to see the strain to which my little favorite is submitted. After once seeing an expensive split-bamboo fly rod reduced to match wood when a fair-sized taimen, after having fooled about for some time in the pool where he had been hooked, decided to change his location, I have hit upon the expedient of carrying with me a jointed steel casting rod. If, while fly-fishing after trout, I get a rise from a large taimen, I change from one outfit to the other. This plan has given excellent results.

A heavy salmon fly rod cannot be recommended for fly-fishing in Manchuria. The taimen rises to the fly,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only occasionally, and for the rest of the time one has to deal with trout. The use of heavy tackle in this way robs one of all the pleasure and sport in the handling of a fish weighing from two to three pounds.

The best way to fish for taimen is by bait-casting. I personally prefer the American way — that is, using a short casting rod, from four and one-half to five and one-half feet, and a quadruple multiplying reel. With this outfit casts of from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet are easily accomplished, this being ample considering the width of Manchurian streams. To the inexperienced caster or those worrying over backlashes I recommend anti-backlash reels and level-winding reels, which are now being produced in America and which make casting delightfully simple. The most convenient form of rod is the jointed steel one. It casts well and folds to convenient length, and may be carried in one's tackle box or in the pocket of a fishing coat. With rods like this I have landed taimen of over forty pounds, and they have stood the test well. When one is purchasing a steel rod, care should be taken that the ferrules be supplied with some kind of device to keep the joints in alignment. The rings should be broad and as few as possible, — not more than one to a joint, — and agate-lined. The silk casting line should be of from twenty to twenty-five pounds test, as one never knows what kind of fish one may hook, and the taimen attains to a weight of over a hundred pounds. Moreover, a wet silk line loses quite a number of pounds of its test strength, and therefore, if one does not use a waterproof line, which does not cast so smoothly as the plain ones, it is advisable to let the line dry out from time to time while fishing, or exchange it for a spare one if casting a considerable length of time. Do not forget to hang your lines to dry every evening after your return; otherwise they will soon rot. Be careful, too, not to use an iron nail for the purpose. Failing to observe this last rule cost me one of the largest taimen it fell to my lot to handle, as, at the crucial moment, the line broke at a spot where rust had eaten through it. A friend who was standing near me at the time stated later that he had never seen human despair so graphically illustrated, and my hat, on which I had executed an Indian war dance during the first moments of wrath, bore mute testimony to his veracity.

Baits to be used for casting vary according to season and water conditions, but I have found that wooden plugs (minnows) having a zigzagging, undulating, or wobbling motion of their own have proved sure fish-getters. The best colorings to use are the red-scale, perch-scale, and frog-color finishes. Spinners and phantom minnows are all right in early spring and late fall when used in swift current or at the heads of deep pools, but in quiet waters they are not satisfactory. Their best colorings are silver-blue and brown. The wooden baits have the advantage of giving good results in any kind of water. A gaff is a most necessary part of a fisherman's outfit, as to head a large taimen into a landing net is quite a feat in itself. When using the gaff, do not try to hook the fish by the back, as the movement of your arm will scare him away and cause him to sulk for quite a time; but immerse the gaff and bring the fish over it. You will also find that the skin of his belly is easier to penetrate than that of his back.

The best season for taimen fishing in Manchuria is the latter part of May and June. July and the first part of August are the rainy season, and fishing is usually poor. September and October are excellent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Toward the end of April, after the ice-break, the taimen start migrating to the upper reaches of the streams for spawning. At that time they refuse any kind of bait. By the middle of May the spawning season is over and the taimen becomes extremely voracious, but offers poor sport, being lean and weak. By the end of the month, however, and in the beginning of June, he has recovered his strength and is a worthy prize. During these periods he will strike during the whole day and will be found in the wide, deep reaches of the streams and in quiet pools. Later in summer, when the water in the main streams becomes too warm, the smaller-sized fish wander into the smaller tributaries, where they will often rise to the fly. The large specimens congregate in deep pools and feed only early in the morning and late in the evening. In fishing a pool, the bait should be cast from the head of the pool and then drawn diagonally across the current. Occasionally a large taimen will rise to a fly here, but usually he misses it several times and then retires in disgust. A cast with a wooden minnow at such a time is sure to bring results. It is often possible to get two or three taimen from a pool if one does not expose himself too much to view. From the middle of September the taimen again becomes very voracious as he starts laying in a store of fat for winter, and can be fished during the whole day, especially in cloudy weather.

In fly-fishing for taimen long casts are required, and the larger-sized flies, plain or moth-colored, are the most effective. For fishing in midsummer in the smaller streams, live grasshoppers give good results.

Owing to the streams near the railway line having been extensively dammed by Chinese fishermen during recent years, the taimen have been prevented from coming upstream, and fishing has been rather indifferent. However, the big floods last fall demolished these dams, and the prospects for this year's fishing are of a promising nature.

But the sportsman who can spare ten days or a fortnight, and does not mind roughing it a bit, may get excellent sport in the Dessin River, the Tchol River, or the Gan River. The last river is easily reached by motor car. The best season for a trip is either June or September. It is quite easy to arrange for guides and horses, and the expenses are not great.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TWILIGHT OF THE AUGUSTANS[1]

BY MONA WILSON

'BECAUSE he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.'

This phrase, used by William Blake of Los, the spirit of poetry, perfectly expresses his own position in the later eighteenth century. Of his contemporaries the greater number were repeating an old creed; a few were timidly and half-consciously preparing the way for a new order. He alone, as poet, artist, and mystic, both apprehended the trouble of his time and had courage to proclaim himself the guardian of the Divine Vision, Imagination, Inspiration, Ecstasy.

Blake was born in 1757. When he was twenty years of age, and already a poet, Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, published a volume of verse, which his friend Johnson greeted with self-confident mockery: —

> Whereso'er I turn my view,
> All is strange, yet nothing new;
> Endless labor all along,
> Endless labor to be wrong;
> Phrase that Time has flung away;
> Uncouth words in disarray,
> Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
> Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

The dictator was at the top of his power and fame. That warning to innovators, the classic exposition of Augustan æsthetic, the *Lives of the Poets*, was advertised that year, though not completed till 1781. Johnson saw no reason to fear living rebels while he was dealing so effectively with the dead.

Now the Augustan faith was this — that the grandeur essential to poetry can be attained only by generalization. The true doctrine had been laid down some twenty years before in *Rasselas:* —

> The business of a poet [said Imlac] is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

A fairy was lurking in that streaked tulip, waiting for a mortal ear in which he could confide.

Poetical diction was, according to the Augustan creed, a comparatively recent discovery, for there was, before the time of Dryden

> no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From these sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things. Those happy combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted: we had few elegances or flowers of speech; the roses had not yet

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *June*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been plucked from the bramble, or different colors had not been joined to enliven one another.

On these principles there was no more room for uncouth words in poetry than for ruff and bonnet in Fleet Street.

But why write poetry at all? Life is a gloomy business and

Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel, the imagination.

The mind must be soothed if it cannot be satisfied. Imagination, which makes for adventure rather than contentment, which does not seek to generalize the obvious, but rather to particularize the unknown, must be held in check. The poet should not, like the builders of the pyramids, fall a victim to 'that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life.'

Grave words, and fitted to be the epitaph of art and poetry alike, unless a new generation should find significance in the streaks of the tulip and music in the antique words, and deny that the builders of the pyramids had found the living form of imaginative art.

Five windows light the cavern'd man; thro' one
he breathes the air;
Thro' one hears music of the spheres; thro' one
the eternal vine
Flourishes, that he may receive the grapes;
thro' one can look
And see small portions of the eternal world that
ever groweth;
Thro' one himself pass out what time he please;
but he will not,
For stolen joys are sweet and bread eaten in
secret pleasant.

So sang a Fairy, mocking, as he sat on a streak'd
tulip,
Thinking none saw him: when he ceas'd I
started from the trees
And caught him in my hat, as boys knock down
a butterfly.

'How know you this,' said I, 'small Sir? Where
did you learn this song?'
Seeing himself in my possession, thus he answer'd
me:
'My master, I am yours! Command me, for I
must obey.'

'Then tell me, what is the material world, and
is it dead?'
He, laughing, answer'd: 'I will write a book on
leaves of flowers,
If you will feed me on love-thoughts and give
me now and then
A cup of sparkling poetic fancies; so, when I am
tipsie,
I'll sing to you to this soft lute, and show you
all alive
The world, when every particle of dust breathes
forth its joy.'
I took him home in my warm bosom: as we
went along
Wild flowers I gather'd, and he show'd me each
eternal flower.

So much for the tulip. And Blake has left on record his conception of 'the man who built the Pyramids as a facetious bully with thick neck, receding chin, and no forehead.'

There were great men among the Augustans, and they had their moments of inspiration, the more entrancing because of the distinctness and fine precision of form with which they were rendered in verse. Pope, Thomson, Collins, and Gray each in his way shows the stirring of poetry which was to culminate in the Romantic Revolution, though neither they nor their contemporaries recognized its full significance. 'I have been told,' says Johnson of Pope, 'that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this:

Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

But the reason of this preference I cannot discover.' Surely the reason is not far to seek. Pope was a poet, and he knew when he had used his wings. Nourished even in its prison on Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, and 'the fairy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way of writing,' the Augustan imagination could not bar itself from liberty when chance offered a momentary escape.

> From the low palace of old Father Ocean
> Come we in pity your cares to deplore:
> Sea-racing dolphins are trained for our motion,
> Moony tides swelling to roll us ashore.

But such flights are rare, matters of accident rather than of purpose, and they left the fortress of reason intact.

It was Thomson, the most contented member of the garrison, who loosened the first stone. Walking in his garden we see the

> Violet darkly blue,
> And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
> The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
> . . . . . .
> . . . auriculas, enrich'd
> With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
> And full ranunculus, of glowing red.

It is true that as yet

> . . . th' exulting florist marks
> With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

In that garden no enchanter waves a magic wand. But the mischief has been done. A generalized admiration of nature is giving place to a careful statement of particulars. And what havoc was to be wrought by the cadence of a single line composed of common words! For it was by the tomb where the lover, in the taste of his time, commemorates the loss of his love, slain in his arms by a summer storm, that liberated imagination conceived the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn': —

> So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb
> The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands
> For ever silent, and for ever sad.

Johnson, on the whole, deals tenderly with Thomson. Harsher treatment is reserved for another who had been guilty of a sustained though short flight in the suspect air above the road so carefully constructed by his predecessors. Collins, the man dear to the Muses when 'the notes are few,' the poet who gives some foretaste of the wine and feasting when the fortress shall have fallen, was a far more dangerous rebel. Had he lived, or had his thirty-eight years been unclouded, would there have been so long to wait? But Providence was still on the side of the orthodox. Collins was not given time to rid himself of Augustan habits of thought and phrase; the fetters are still there.

Gray's attitude to the reigning mode is more obviously menacing than Thomson's. His interest had been engaged by the work of contemporary Welsh and Scandinavian scholars during his preparations for the *History of English Poetry* which was never written. But, though he opened fresh regions for poetical explorers, he could not make his conquest good. He failed in distinctness of imaginative vision and remained in the bonds of Augustan phraseology. When, for instance, he meets with words so full of poetic association as 'Wine and mead from gold was their drink,' what does he make of them?

> From the golden cup they drink
> Nectar that the bees produce
> Or the grape's ecstatic juice.

Gray's example, followed with none of his genius or learning, was responsible for a disastrous fashion. Poets and Terrorists joined the rival factions of Welsh and Scandinavian mythology, or fell, like Mason, into hopeless confusion between them. Odin behaves not a whit less ridiculously than Jove: —

> Mark the murd'rous monster stalk,
> In printless majesty of walk.

Poetic vision was clouded by the prodigious, the savage, the horrible, and the new influences, which might have furthered escape, left their adepts with the same conventional outlook and the same conventional phraseology.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ossian only sent them farther along a wrong road: if the form and diction were new, they were none the less bad, and the promise of originality was an unfulfilled illusion. The best service Macpherson did to literature was indirect: the awakened interest in primitive things emboldened Percy to bring out his *Reliques*. And this, reckoned by its effect on European literature as a whole, the greatest literary event of the age, was disposed of by Johnson in an unforgettable parody: —

> I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand:
> And there I met another man
> With his hat in his hand.

Everywhere the Augustan faith was triumphant and secure — so secure that a kindly word could be spared for the piety of Cowper, the realism of Crabbe, the audacity of Chatterton, each of them in his way a dissident, but none of them a danger.

The painters subscribed like the poets to the Augustan theory of æsthetic, but in practice they were beginning to break away. Sir Joshua Reynolds had ratified the treaty in his *Discourses*, acknowledging Johnson as leader — 'He qualified my mind to think justly.' The *grandeur of generality* was trumpeted from another quarter: the streaks of the tulip must be neither sung nor seen. '. . . The whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind.' And, in a *Rambler* essay, doubtless officially revised, Reynolds had proclaimed that 'in painting, as in poetry, the highest style has the least of common nature.' But he had adopted the sacred formula too hastily; the *Discourses* are adorned by inconsistencies and infidelities. Neither he nor any painter could be trusted, since painters, whatever their theories, — we write of a century and a half ago, — held some communion with nature. The ally was unwittingly disloyal. Paintings of the classical school are sometimes radiant with a beauty which breaks through all bonds of convention. The light that never was on sea or land had already shone clearly and steadily from the canvasses of Claude. But it was from Nature herself that Claude, the idol of a coming generation of painters, had caught his suggestion of the unknown, the transcendent, the indefinite, in distance and sunlight and color. The same light gleamed fitfully with an heretical beauty in some of Richard Wilson's paintings. Had he been better appreciated by his contemporaries, he might have been the beginner of a new order. Greater and happier than Wilson, the acknowledged and not unworthy rival of Reynolds himself, Gainsborough pursued a solitary path equally remote from the fields of Arcadia and the highway of classic art, and it was left for Constable, his disciple, to effect the great revolution in oil landscape painting a generation later. Yet in one direction his influence on the public was immense and decisive. His sketches started a craze, and for a few years the fashionable world played at landscape painting. The game gave the professionals their chance. Water-color painting had been hitherto the Cinderella of Art, never permitted to be *en grande tenue*.

To these draftsmen had been allotted the task of illustrating county histories and the like; nature was but the background for a gentleman's seat. One of the first to free himself from the bonds of topography and illustration was Alexander Cozens, a reputed son of Peter the Great. After being drawing master at Eton, he had settled at Bath, where, undertaking to smooth the path

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of dilettante admirers of Gainsborough, he was unkindly dubbed 'Blot-Master General to the town.' But though as a teacher he might stoop to facile trickery, Alexander Cozens had a new conception of the possibilities of landscape drawing. His son, John Robert Cozens, traveled with Payne Knight, benefiting by the custom of the wealthy to include a draftsman in their suite. Reckoned even to-day a poet among the artists, he was described by his second patron, Beckford, as 'a Painter worthy to imitate the Scenery of the Gardens of the Hesperides.' With John Robert Cozens may be named 'Warwick' Smith, Taverner, and Francis Towne, artists who, intoxicated by the beauty of Italy, saw visions and dreamed dreams. Sooner or later, the painter's way of seeing things was bound to influence the poet's way of describing them. Indeed, the forerunner had appeared. An artist of whose pictures nothing is known, John Dyer, forsook the brush for the pen, and, in 1727, produced the earliest of those hill poems which reflected the eighteenth-century admiration of Denham. By 1788 the *Gentleman's Magazine* was complaining that readers 'have been used to see the Muses laboring up . . . many hills since Cooper's and Grongar, and some gentle Bard reclining on almost every molehill.' The interest of 'Grongar Hill' is that its landscape is obviously the landscape of a painter: —

> See on the mountain's southern side
> Where the prospect opens wide,
> Where the evening gilds the tide,
> How close and small the hedges lie.
> What streaks of meadows cross the eye!

And the verse pictures in 'The Fleece,' neither Augustan nor of the Grand Style, show the same direct professional observation of nature. But it is to the water-colorists that the revolution rightly diagnosed by Hazlitt must be ascribed: —

> . . . we cannot help thinking that a taste for that sort of poetry, which leans for support on the truth and fidelity of its imitations of nature, began to display itself much about that time, and, in a good measure, in consequence of the direction of the public taste to the subject of painting. Book-learning, the accumulation of wordy commonplaces, the gaudy pretensions of poetical fiction, had enfeebled and perverted our eye for nature. The study of the fine arts, which came into fashion about forty years ago, and was then first considered as a polite accomplishment, would tend perceptibly to restore it. Painting is essentially an imitative art; it cannot subsist for a moment on empty generalities: the critic, therefore, who had been used to this sort of substantial entertainment would be disposed to read poetry with the eyes of a connoisseur, would be little captivated with smooth, polished, unmeaning periods, and would turn with double eagerness and relish to the force and precision of individual details, transferred, as it were, to the page from the canvas.

The eighteenth century in its attitude toward nature shows the same blending of a new spirit with old prescriptions. The painters were doing something to make the public impatient with literary convention, but, though a volume of Cowper's poems might lie on the parlor table, it was still a long step from town to country. Those who, like Beckford, could afford to travel with an expensive retinue might indulge their 'romanceishness,' a venturesome amateur sketcher might wander through an English wood, but poor or timid travelers were content with Bath, or Brighthelmston, or Weymouth, with parks and gardens and esplanades. The accounts of bolder tourists did not promote a comfortable intimacy with nature, nor inspire their readers with any fresh sense of the beauty of ordinary country. Johnson's description of Scottish moors, for instance, 'quickened only with one sullen power of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

useless vegetation,' assumes the utilitarian view of landscape as the source of food supply. His oases are distinguished not by their wild beauty but by their unexpected comforts: country unsuited to set the jewel of a gentleman's seat was merely repellent. Gray discovered the Lakes and the Yorkshire Moors, but he was engrossed by 'the savage, the rude, and the tremendous,' and his *Journal* often suggests the scenic background of a terror novel. Yet there is a new note in the cry of wonder and rapture following the description of a sunrise in one of his letters. 'It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before; I hardly believe it.'

The Reverend William Gilpin, a respectful admirer of both Johnson and Reynolds, did more to lure the reader away from the gravel path 'with Gothick umbrellos to terminate the view' and the artifices of Capability Brown: —

> He who delights in such scenery will find it in much greater perfection in the wildness of a forest than among the most admired improvements of art. He will find it grander, more varied, and everywhere more replete with those wild, enchanting passages, which the hand of art cannot give. What are the Lawns of Hagley, or any other place celebrated for this species of artificial landscape, but paltry imitations of the genuine works of nature?

Gilpin was, perhaps, happier at home in the New Forest, admiring — it should be noted — the structure of leafless trees in winter as well as their more obvious beauty at other seasons, or touring in the South and West country, than in the wilder regions of the North. In the English Lakes his 'soul involuntarily shuddered,' and banditti seemed the only apt figures for a foreground. Borrowdale is a valley 'replete with hideous grandeur.' 'Beauty lying in the lap of Horrour' — a phrase of Ann Radcliffe's aptly transferred by the Keswick organist — is quoted as a fitting description of Derwentwater, though the scenery on its shores is 'in many places, very sweetly romantic.' Not only did his books attract the amateur artist, seeking advice on the 'striking object' and 'picturesque' composition; he is anecdotal, and writes with a leisurely erudition which endeared him to the literary public of his day.

Gilpin, with his close observation and gentle enthusiasm, was also a forerunner. But to none of these, poets, artists, or lovers of nature, had the Divine Vision been revealed direct, compelling, certain. Blake himself was fully conscious of the twilight.

> Whether on chrystal rocks ye rove,
> Beneath the bosom of the sea
> Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
> Fair nine, forsaking Poetry!
>
> How have you left the antient love
> That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
> The languid strings do scarcely move!
> The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

Yet, before the *Lives of the Poets* was completed, while Wordsworth and Coleridge were still children, he had written such lines as: —

> Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
> Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
> On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
> In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
> The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
> And wash the dusk with silver,

and:

> Lo! to the vault
> Of paved heaven,
> With sorrow fraught
> My notes are driven:
> They strike the ear of night,
> Make weep the eyes of day;
> They make mad the roaring winds,
> And with tempests play.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THIRD-CLASS CONCERT[1]

BY WINIFRED HOLTBY

THE liner had crossed the equator. Day after day she drawled lazily through motionless blue seas, encircled by the brave sweeping flight of the albatrosses. It was very hot, and on the third-class deck the passengers gathered in listless groups, playing cards, sewing, and endeavoring idly to amuse the ubiquitous children.

During the first week of the voyage they had sorted themselves with almost uncanny certitude into clear-cut sections. The fine young wives, all affirming that this was the first time that they had traveled third-class, and that it was quite good fun, and that in these days of the new poor it was no use pretending to be opulent; the young men adventuring to make their fortunes in the new platinum mines or on citrus farms; the older couples, uprooting themselves too late in life for comfort from a country which had no longer room for them; the convivial commercial travelers, the troupe of Guitar Girls, bound for South African Theatres, Limited, the amorphous Irish families, the prim schoolmaster — there they were, all keeping themselves to themselves with a spontaneous social adjustment peculiar to passengers on a long voyage. And there also was the isolated, dark, despised, curious company of sixty Jews from Eastern Europe, traveling under the protection of their small, dapper, voluble interpreter.

Some said that they were bound for Portuguese East Africa, and some that they were coming to replace the Indians expatriated from Natal. Others declared that they had no valid papers and that they would be turned back at Cape Town. Yet others said that it was a shame that the country should grow overrun with pestilential Jews who had hardly two tickies to rub together; and they reminded each other of the celebrated cartoon which showed South Africa as a cow, with a Dutchman pulling her tail, an Englishman pulling her horns, and a Jew milking her.

The Jews said nothing. They kept very close together on the hot, congested deck. The women, with shawls over their heads, watched their docile, precocious children, calling them away from the more boisterous Anglo-Saxons. The men in shirt-sleeves, with scarlet handkerchiefs round their necks, smoked, spat, and played cards with a queer sombre vivacity.

They slept, a steward said, right down near the hold, below the rabbit warren of the third-class cabins, and the bathrooms which stank of Condy's Fluid, and the bare white dining saloon, which looked, said one of the young wives, for all the world like a public lavatory. They wore the same clothes day after day, and read no books, attempted no sports, but only waited, as though their minds were heavy with memories of pogroms in Poland and famine in Latvia. Like the Dutch Voortrekkers, they sought a Promised Land, terrifying and desirable, and

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *June* 11

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the courage of patient humility they set forth into the unknown.

Among them all, a chartered libertine, authoritative, indefatigable, and amused, went Captain Christopher Langley. He had been elected Sports President by the third-class passengers, and he flung himself into the labor of organizing potato races, quoits tournaments, fancy-dress balls, and singsongs with that disinterested devotion to administrative detail which characterizes the British colonial civil or military servant. He said that he had been 'axed' from the Indian Army, and was joining his brother in a motor business in Durban. It was only at the end of the voyage that most people realized that the delicate dark-haired little woman with the three naughty children was his wife. He himself appeared always unruffled, confident, and neat, treating with good-humored superiority even the unaccommodating Jews. To the other passengers he spoke of them as the 'Squngs.' The name spread.

Captain Langley was arranging a concert. After much coaxing, he had discovered a lady who could sing, only a trifle out of tune, 'A Perfect Day,' and 'Yearning,' and 'God Send You Back to Me.' Mr. O'Malley, prompted by his fat, jolly wife, could recite 'The Crockery Cart' and 'Pat O'Flannigan's Ball.' Two 'comics,' a dancer of Irish jigs, the Guitar Girls, a young farmer with a decent baritone who new no songs but was quite willing to learn, and a little girl who played the violin, made up his company. He took them down to the hot, beer-scented lounge and rehearsed with them indefatigably, thumping on the tuneless piano; repeating choruses, chaffing, praising, questioning.

The hot evenings died into the windless nights. Captain Langley's preparations went forward slowly. The interpreter came to him one evening and asked whether his men might borrow for an hour the guitar belonging to one of the Guitar Girls. The Captain hesitated, but the girl, with giggling sportsmanship, surrendered her instrument. The interpreter withdrew and the rehearsal continued.

Upstairs a few first-class passengers, who found it too hot for dancing and were tired of playing bridge, lay on the boat deck watching the stars sway backward and forward behind the long mast of the ship. Suddenly out of the darkness a tenor voice, pure, melancholy, and exquisite, rose into the quiet air.

The song was in a foreign tongue, but the short, lilting verses ended in a refrain which cried with an anguish of beauty and of pain, 'Sonia! Sonia!' Then three lines of reiterated melody, then the swinging rhythm of the climax, and a final call, 'Ohee!' After eight such verses the chorus was at last caught up by a deep-voiced choir singing in harmony. It was repeated; it rose in wild protest, drooped, and died again on one long-drawn, sighing note which swung out across the water and melted into the encircling night. 'O-hee!'

'Jove, what was that?' they asked. But only one rose from his chair and ran unostentatiously down the companion, along a labyrinth of passages, through an unlocked door, up more steps, and out on to the third-class deck. It was an exploit not encouraged by the ship's authorities, but the young man was a journalist and skilled in finding access to forbidden places.

Standing in the shadow, he saw the packed ranks of the third-class passengers gathered about an open space on the deck. On the edge of the circle of lamplight crouched a small, uncouth man playing a guitar. His head with its straggling gray beard dipped over the instrument, as he plucked with clever,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

careless fingers stray incoherent notes and dropped them into the silence. Beside him stood a slight boy in shirt-sleeves who had just been singing. His head was thrown back, his cheeks flushed bright pink, his lips parted. He began another song.

This had a racier tune. It seemed to be of a humorous quality, for the dark-faced Lithuanians and Poles and Latvians broke into spasmodic bursts of shaking laughter, and stamped on the floor and clapped their hands, until the infection of the song spread to the outer ring of the Gentiles, and they too began to rock their heads and beat on the deck and clap voraciously for more.

More followed. The man with the guitar fumbled easily until he seemed to find a little monotonous tune, a repetition of two notes, then three, then two again, fiercely accented. 'Ta-ra, ta-ra, la-la-la, la-la-la, ta-ra!' The music wove a rippling circle of magic over the listening crowd.

Then two dark, stolid-looking youths separated themselves from the others and stepped forward into the ring of lamplight. With arms locked they swayed to the music, throwing their legs from side to side, and humming, 'Ta-ra, ta-ra, la-la-la, la-la-la, ta-ra!' Their eyes were heavy with brooding contentment; they breathed deeply; the sweat ran down their flushed faces; they swung their legs in clumsy, rhythmical abandon.

The music quickened. Two girls moved forward, one shyly, one boldly, yet with an assured, predestined gravity. They thrust their arms through those of the young men, and together the four swayed in a solemn line. There was no gayety in the dance; their movements might have been part of a religious ritual, the song an incantation. Closer and closer together swung the two girls at the ends of the line. With a shout from the onlookers, they caught hold of each other's arms and suddenly locked the line into a circle. The magic ring was completed. Round and round it spun, as wilder and wilder the music rose, and louder and louder sang the Jewish chorus.

Isolated, incomprehensible, withdrawn, bound together in this invulnerable circle, the young men and maidens danced under the swinging lamp. As David might have danced before the Ark of the Covenant, with the triumphant solemnity of a Chosen People, interlocked in a mysterious union, they stamped their coarsely shod feet, they tossed their dark heads backward and forward, they danced before the wondering Gentiles, on their way to the Promised Land.

Poor, ill-treated, despised, fugitive, with that close interlocked circle of their blood, their history, their religion, they made a kinship of suffering, and an exultation of defeat. It was the outer ring of Christians which appeared then to be isolated and desultory. For all their confident voices, the pink jumpers of their pretty wives, the sophisticated boasting of the young men, they were a haphazard, estranged, heterogeneous gathering of wanderers at best. They had no secret communion which suddenly drew them into a tight, whirling circle, no power of corporate song like this that rose and fell over the listening sea. They were shut out. They were scattered.

The young journalist felt a strange, secret triumph. His family also, long ago, had been Jews. He felt in his veins some thin savor of the vintage which ran so warmly through the interlocked bodies of the dancers. Here was something worth seeing. Here was something real and vivid and glowing.

'I'll tell the world, I'll tell the world,' he muttered under his breath.

Captain Christopher Langley, emerging hot but cheerful from his arduous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

performance in the lounge, saw the last wild gyrations of the spinning circle before it broke, scattering the dancers into the outstretched arms of their applauding friends. He recognized the journalist, and smiled at him.

'Come to see the animals perform for a bit?'

The younger man turned on him in great excitement.

'Say, you run this entertainments committee right here, don't you?'

'I do.'

'Then why to goodness don't you give a show and invite us poor benighted creatures from the first class to come and see? We're fed up to the back teeth with our own stuff. You can give us something worth seeing.'

Fresh from his labors, amused and gratified, Captain Langley sucked meditatively through his fine teeth, smiled, and said he'd see what he could do.

In the library, in the bar, in the music room, and on the boat deck, the first-class passengers listened to the tales spread by the young journalist with the American accent, who promised such rare sport at the third-class concert.

'I tell you, it's the genuine article. No faked ballet stuff imported via Paris. No watered-down Dageliev nonsense. Real peasant ritual dancing, hot from the villages in Poland and Esthonia and Latvia, and God alone knows where.'

The intellectuals thronged round him. They spoke of the Chauve-Souris and Gogol, and Russian Jews as they appear upon the platform of the Coliseum. The young journalist scored a triumph. It was not only that he could provide a new sensation for their jaded appetites; he felt the power and beauty of the Jewish chorus to be in some way a vindication of his inmost self, of the fears which he had stifled as a boy, of innumerable humiliations when his black hair and long nose had called to the memory of acquaintances the resemblance of his profile to that of a race which was not hundred-per-cent American. He wanted to see the Jews impress these lordly English.

The night of the third-class concert arrived. The iron gates in the railing which separated first-class sheep from third-class goats swung open. The stewards carried across chairs and chairs and more chairs, and the first-class passengers streamed through. They brought with them a whiff of perfume, the satisfying scent of good cigars, a glimmer of jewels, and a flutter of tulle veils. They took their places in the front rows of the great semicircle before the cleared space of deck. The single light hung above the piano, and tarpaulins covered the hatches upon which the singers were to stand.

The pretty girls in the pink and blue and white jumpers handed round neat printed programmes. By the piano, smiling, unflustered, indefatigable, stood Captain Christopher Langley, much gratified that his labors were about to be rewarded.

On the programme the journalist read: —

Piano Solo	'Selections from Il Trovatore'	MR. SPICER
Song	'A Perfect Day'	MRS. LANGSTAFFE
Recitation	'The Crockery Cart'	MR. O'MALLEY
Selections on Guitars		THE FOUR GUITAR GIRLS

And so on, till 'God Save the King.'

The Squngs had not even been invited.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE BEGINNING

(A Javanese Folk Tale)

BY VERA McCORMICK

[From the *China Journal*]

THIS tale of the creation has
Been handed down from age to age
Since man first moved upon the earth;
Each father tells it to his sons
At even time when they await
The flaring moon which rules the night,
Or when rain pounds the attap roof.
'In the beginning said the One,
"Let us make man like to Ourself";
And He took clay and moulded it;
The crater of great Kakatra then
Gave warmth and breath and life to man.
The One in eager haste too soon
Drew out the image pale and wan:
So came the white man to the earth.
'And now again He moulded clay;
In His own image formed He it;
The crater of great Kakatra then
Gave warmth and breath and life to man.
The One, grown cautious, came at last,
Drew out the image black and swart:
So came the black man to the earth.
'With tender care and eager hope,
Again He moulded yielding clay;
The crater of our Kakatra again
Gave warmth and breath and life to man.
The One, now crafty-wise,
Delayed just long enough, and then
From huge Kakatra forth He drew
The yellow man; and knew at last
His work was good.'
And thus the tale
Is handed down from age to age
Since man first moved upon the earth.
Each father tells it to his sons,
Rejoicing in perfection gained.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AH FONG, THE COMMUNIST[1]

BY ERICH VON SALZMANN

'YES, and to think he's gone — actually gone to America.' As she said this she lightly dabbed a corner of her Japanese silk handkerchief in her left eye, and a whiff of some Oriental perfume floated past my nostrils.

'Gone? Who? Did those American girls steal that Peking poodle I took so much trouble to get out of the Palace for you?'

'Don't talk nonsense. My cook, of course. No one could cook shrimps as he could. And the season's just beginning, and here I am —' She nodded, and the boy filled her cup with chocolate. We were sitting in the Palace Hotel at five o'clock tea. The orchestra was playing Strauss waltzes. 'Blue Danube' sounded dreadfully old-fashioned. The English, reserved as they are supposed to be, were talking like mad. A fat Shanghai commission merchant in the uniform of a Scotch volunteer, with still unweathered bare hairy legs garishly prominent below his kilt, gurgled joyously. Jazz and 'Valencia' are now considered Bolshevist. The old conservative German dances have come back to their own.

'But, tell me, what is it about your cook? Can't you get another?'

'For heaven's sake, don't you remember him?'

'Not a thing.'

'We had him before we went up to Tientsin. His name was Ah Fong, and he was an excellent servant. He was ultra-Conservative, but we paid him twenty-four dollars a month without food. He highly disapproved of the Russians, but he could make stuffed Russian pastries better than any other cook in Shanghai. He would n't go with us to Tientsin. He thought the North Chinese were too dirty. Moreover, they did n't speak his dialect. So we lived up North four years with a Shantung cook who put onions in everything and stank so of garlic that you could smell him clear out on the front verandah. He was as dirty as he was honest. The only thing he ever stole was my electric coffee pot. He assured us that he had packed it in the basket, with the other kitchen things, when we went on board the steamer to leave.

'I was hardly back in Shanghai before Ah Fong called to see us at the German pension where I stopped. These Chinamen have an uncanny knack for learning every move you make. He wanted his old job back, and told me a long yarn in pidgin about having been a city detective. He said it was a good job, but that he had made many enemies. The stupid Englishmen had locked up everyone he reported. So he thought it safer to go back to his old employment.

'Naturally I did n't believe one tenth of his story. I did notice, however, that he had not shaved, that he did n't take off his hat when he spoke to me, and that he smoked horrible perfumed cigarettes. But all Chinamen are a little crazy nowadays.

'As soon as I found a house he turned

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *July* 10

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up, accompanied by a woman who he said was his wife, who was to be a maid, a brother to serve as coolie, another brother for gardener, a second woman, and a young chap, who he said was his son, to carry messages.

'I protested. "By Holy Kuan Yin, Ah Fong, we can't have all these people in the house. I only want you. I have n't money to pay them."

'He protested, in turn, that they were members of his family and that the Communists would get them if he left them back in the native city. Unless he could have them under his protection he could not come to cook for me. Well, I finally agreed to let the whole colony camp down on the premises. I no longer had anything to say about running the house. Ah Fong cooked in my kitchen for all the Chinese in the neighborhood. I believe he set up some sort of Party Bureau and Information Office there. One of the maids was his third concubine, the other his fifth. He stewed cabbage for all his comrades, and my house soon smelled of garlic like a Shantung cookshop. Finally an English Secret Service man turned up and cautioned me about my servants.

'Yesterday morning there was a fearful row in the kitchen. Ah Fong broke a new plate in his agitation, then rushed into my room, crying, "Missy, Missy, dey tly get me!"

'"Who's trying to get you?"

'He said the Chinese Communists. I was alarmed, and telephoned at once to the police station. They sent a couple of officers down, who cleaned out my whole staff of servants, except Ah Fong, whom the sergeant as a special favor let me keep until evening because I was giving a dinner party that night. But as he left, the officer said, "You must see to it that he's beyond the barbed wire and over in the native quarter by to-morrow morning."

'I appealed to Ah Fong's loyalty not to involve me in further trouble, and he promised that everything would come out all right.

'After a brief absence that afternoon he came back from the native city with a paper covered with Chinese hieroglyphics, and told me he was now a Communist Party Secretary and perfectly safe. His Northern "general" had run away and everything was Communist now. He would protect me when the Communists came.

'Well, my dinner was a brilliant success. Afterward, however, Ah Fong drank up everything that was left and in highly exuberant spirits sallied into the street, where he was promptly picked up by an American patrol. I don't know how the old fox got away, but this afternoon when I was out on the President Jefferson just before she sailed, to say good-bye to some friends, and we were having a farewell liqueur, who should bring us our Benedictine but Ah Fong! "Missy," he said, "Englishman plenty stupid. Melican man plenty slick. Me one time mo' Conselative. No mo' Communist. Me got plenty lecommendation. Me now top detective Dolla' Line. Bully job!"'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN HOUR WITH GEORGES CLEMENCEAU[1]

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU cannot remain inactive. No sooner was he freed from political worries than he departed on a trip to India for several months; and he only returned to his little house in the Vendée to set himself the task of giving us the fruits of his experiences and meditations.

This formidable synthesis, which has just appeared under the title, *Au Soir de la Pensée*, runs to two large volumes. It includes a mixture of good and bad. It is a curious and controversial document, a work of sincerity and good will. Let others expound its audacious or trite theses — for my part I only wanted to pay a call on the author. I stayed with M. Clemenceau a good hour, and he is a charming old man, still in good health, and the possessor of a spirit that may have become less sarcastic but that still retains a constant wealth of irony.

'When you were announced,' he said to me, 'I was just thinking of a story to tell you. It comes from my publisher. You know his religious opinions, and you undoubtedly know mine too, since you have read my book. Well, my publisher said to me the other day, "Your book may do a lot of harm," — a moment of silence, followed by a sigh of resignation, — "but luckily it will not sell well." But you need n't tell this story in your interview, because I made it up out of whole cloth to tell you. My publisher really never delivered himself of that savory opinion. Yet it is a joke that comes very close to expressing one of those truths that one does not speak of.

'But before beginning to unburden myself to you I should like to ask a question: What title are you going to give this article? "An Hour with" — M. le Président? Or, "An Hour with," "An Hour with" — try to exercise your imagination — "An Hour with" — it is altogether too intimate.'

And then, with the most charming and natural affability, M. Clemenceau

talked and talked. Anyone unaccustomed to the tricks of this old fighter could not have failed to be surprised, and would have said to himself, 'How's this? Is this the man who has always been described to me as such a rebel to interview?' But I was no such dupe. If M. Clemenceau took such a verbal

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *June* 11

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offensive, it was not the result of generosity; it was an attack on me and my plans. By not giving me time to ask my questions, he succeeded in not having to answer them.

I at once divined the maliciousness in that triumphant smile that lit up the corners of his eyes, and I gladly decided to allow him the temporary illusion that he had put something over on me. I therefore stretched out in my chair and gazed straight at him. I was sure that the most beautiful story of all could be read from his own face, still so full of movement.

First of all he talked about his servant's father, a Nièvre farmer who had bought a cow for twenty-two hundred francs some years ago and who wanted to sell it recently and had got such and such an amount for it. M. Clemenceau was wildly indignant at the jump in prices, which he said would end in destroying the confidence of the peasants if things kept on as they were going. He then told us about a big coffee planter in Brazil. 'He comes from here, and every year he fills my house with coffee. Brazil,' he added, 'is a country with a formidable future.

'An anecdote, you say? You like them, I believe.' He laughed, and then went on: 'I knew a colonist out there who lived in the interior and never left his plantations. He had never even seen the sea. Well, every year he had a troupe of actors come from Paris with all their stage equipment to act plays of Voltaire. Is n't that magnificent?'

M. Clemenceau showed his astonishment, and so did I. These gentle stories made me purr with pleasant anticipation.

M. Clemenceau then touched upon several incidents during his cruise to India. Before me was no politician, the scourge of so many ministries. No, the pamphleteer had quite vanished, and a poet of surpassing lyricism had taken his place.

'One day we were fishing in the Mysore River, when a herd of elephants suddenly appeared. It was the bathing hour. When their exercises and ablutions were at an end, their trainer made a simple gesture and they all departed with exemplary docility. The scene stirred me all the rest of the day.'

I tried to get M. Clemenceau's opinion on the English occupation and its dangers. 'The English,' he said, 'have done a great deal of good at Mysore. I made friends with the Maharaja there, and found that he was well satisfied. He plays the organ all day long. Others spend their fortunes in Paris, or amuse themselves constructing one thing and another. The great harm that the English have done in India is that . . .'

M. Clemenceau talked for a long time on this burning topic, but, since it is so burning, begged me to forget at once all that he said. One thing, however, did cling in my mind, and that is that the soul of India is accumulating a huge amount of hatred in its depths, and that its awakening will be terrible. M. Clemenceau then recalled some other picturesque memories of his Indian visit and of his trip to Egypt and the Sudan, saying, 'You see, I end my life as I began it — seeing the world.'

M. Clemenceau's stories may be very interesting to a casual listener, but the person whose mission it is to write down afterward what he has said has a tremendously difficult task. The President has kept such a lively, alert mind that he has passed on to a new story before the ravished listener has savored the one that has just been told.

He described Brahman women who smoked cigars so long that it took a whole day to finish one; and then, without any transition, he made us

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admire a little Buddha-monkey of bronze whose tail was wound round its head like an aureole. 'I bought that for four sous in the bazaar at Benares. It is the only one I have left. I have given everything to the Guimet Museum. The monkey is almost a god out there, and if you are seen killing one you are likely to suffer the same fate yourself. At the temple of Shiva in Benares monkeys were granted admittance but I was debarred. At Calcutta I was irritated to find that a secret part of the temple was forbidden to me, but I gave some money to an Indian, who made a hole in the wall so that I could see through. I had expected a first-class mystery, but I was stupefied by the simplicity and mediocrity of the spectacle that greeted my eyes. Stark-naked men were dancing around a fire. It was nothing but a banal manifestation of the fire cult, which I believe is the cult of the most primitive civilizations.'

From this fire cult we passed with the greatest ease to the Vedic hymns. 'Read the Vedas. You will see that the Bible is only a joke. Compare the Bible story of the Creation with the story in the Vedas, and you will see which contains the most stirring poetry.'

This rapid fire of anecdotes lasted nearly an hour, and finally I looked M. Clemenceau in the eye and said: 'You have taken me on a real promenade. You have possessed me completely. You will hardly refuse to let me ask you a few questions.'

M. Clemenceau smiled. 'Ah, you have seen that I wanted to talk without saying anything. What more do you want? Have n't I told you some fine stories?'

'Fine, yes; but too many. I shan't be able to remember one of them. My readers would prefer to have you explain how you happened to think of writing *Au Soir de la Pensée*.'

'I know nothing about it. I have spent all my life on this book, and remember often having discussed its themes with my brother. *Au Soir de la Pensée* is as much his work as mine. But I really did not start writing it until my return from India.'

'Then it must have been completely ripe. You have nothing more to write.'

'Don't believe it. I have a lot of ideas. Writing is essential to me, because it puts my thoughts into shape.'

'What are your bedside books?'

'I have none; I never read lying down. But the books that I reread are the classics — the powerful work of men who took the trouble to think before sitting down to write.'

'And among the contemporary writers? Anatole France?'

'Naturally. I knew him very well, but I shan't tell you anything about that. I know his work has defects, and am aware of his failings. But why mention them? Why remind you of the closing words of that dialogue I heard so regularly in Madame de Caillavet's salon? Madame de Caillavet would say: "M. France must have met a friend who delayed him. Or perhaps he is browsing along the quays. He has no pity for his friends who are waiting for him." And M. de Caillavet would answer: "Why do you say that? You know very well that he is in his study correcting proofs."'

I asked him about Zola.

'I greatly admire the man for having unhesitatingly sacrificed his interests for an idea. Did you know that before the Dreyfus affair he was making a hundred thousand francs a year at Fasquelle's, and that he lost the job overnight?'

'But he recovered afterward, and to-day he is the best-selling author in France.'

'So much the better. I knew him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when I was a student, but I seldom saw him. I did not go to his house — my character was too bad. I have changed a lot since. Every time I think of Zola and the kind of talent he possessed, I feel how curious it was that he should have been of Italian extraction.

'Mention also what an admiration I have for Mirbeau. He is a very great writer. I shall make only one reservation — he is too fond of violence.'

I smiled. We all smiled.

'Claudel?' I asked.

He uttered such a youthful cry that I jumped in my chair.

'I have a horror of him — as a writer, you understand. He is like that other excellent fellow, Mallarmé. When people write French, it is to make themselves understood.'

I bend my ear closer. That phrase — I seem to have heard it somewhere before. Better still, I seem to have said it myself, often. I have it! It is in a poem of Claudel's on Verlaine. What if I should send a copy of it to the President?

'And Paul Valéry?'

'Valéry, Valéry — I don't know him.'

Quickly, without rime or reason, I inquired, 'Are you happy?'

M. Clemenceau annihilated me with a glance. 'One cannot be happy when he sees his country in the state mine is.' Then, in a more gentle tone: 'Happiness is only a form of accommodation. I find my happiness in the pursuit of knowledge. In other words, that has been my life work. Since beginning that book of mine I have changed my ideas on important points several times.'

'There is one question you will not refuse to answer me. What do you think of the books on the war? Which one do you prefer — *La Croix de bois, L'Appel du sol, Le Feu?*'

'I have n't read one of them. Those books are not true. And why should I ask a gentleman to tell me about a subject that I know more about than he does? I am not a man for whom anyone has to write about the war.'

He sighed.

'Ah, there were some days when it was terrible. When General . . . '(here I promised to forget something). 'I told you that I had n't read any books about the war, but I did read *The Silences of Colonel Bramble*, by André Maurois. It is very amusing. I also like Maurois's *Disraeli* very much, and above all *Ariel*, the life of Shelley.'

'How about your reception at the Academy?'

'Let's not talk about that. I had to pronounce a discourse, and I came down too hard on certain points. I don't want to hurt the feelings of the Academicians. They wrote me some of the best letters I have received about my book. Yet I did not send a copy of it to any one of them. The only copy I sent had inscribed in it, "To the library. Respectful homage."'

'In this book you reveal yourself as a philosopher, a metaphysician.'

'I am not a metaphysician; I am an idealist. The great mistake about God is that personifying the ideal limits it disagreeably. Yet I am tolerant. In the kitchen there I have an old maid who goes to Mass every day. The other only goes when she is at home in her native village. Curious, is n't it?

'For my own part, I come from a clerical family, though it is true that my father was a violent freethinker. If I trace my ancestors back to the sixteenth century I find nothing but curés, of whom it used to be said, "Among the Clemenceaus there are nothing but curés, father and son." I remember that one of my ecclesiastical ancestors in the Vendée at the end of the seventeenth century was a great hunter and had a magnificent pack of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hounds. The finest and cleverest of all was called Lavabo. He was head of the pack.

'One day this curé was saying Mass, and his groom was devoutly assisting him. Suddenly, hearing distant and continuous baying, the officiating curé interrupted his services, turned to the little groom-choirboy, and said, "Those sound like my hounds hunting out there." — "Yes, Monsieur le curé." — "Is Lavabo with them?" — "Certainly." — "Then the hare is done for." His spirit once more at peace, the curé continued Mass with more fervor than ever.'

M. Clemenceau did not seem tired, but I could not forget that he was mayor of Montmartre in 1870 and that the years are beginning to accumulate on his head — years of fighting and of war, which are supposed to count double. I took my leave, and the President rose smiling: 'You are satisfied? You have had it — your hour.'

'I am quite satisfied, but I should like to ask you one last question: When will you write your reminiscences?'

'Never. I am not a donkey, and I should put too many people in an uncomfortable position. To get after the generals during the war was necessary to save my country, but to write the history of their defects to-day would be cruel. Besides, life is meant to be lived and not to be told about. I am at peace. Go. Even in my memoirs the people of France will recognize their own. History is made slowly — I almost said automatically.'

THE END OF SHERLOCK HOLMES[1]

BY A. E. P.

(With apologies to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle)

[THE following account of the real reason for Holmes's retirement was found among Dr. Watson's private papers after his death. It is not dated, but from internal evidence (noticeably the mention of ladies' hatpins) it may be placed about 1903–05.]

IT was my intention to close these memoirs with the remarkable chain of circumstances resulting in the marriage of my friend Sherlock Holmes with Miss Falkland. For some time after that event my friend gave up professional work and went abroad with his wife. Our rooms in Baker Street were of course destroyed, and my practice occupied my full time, and certainly prospered all the better for receiving my undivided attention. From time to time, however, he would be recalled to my memory by some startling and unexplained case claiming my attention in the morning's paper; and in the 'unforeseen circumstances' and 'unexpected turn of events' or remarkable instances of fresh light being thrown on some obscure point I would recognize my friend's unparalleled genius, though, with characteristic modesty, his name never appeared.

For instance, there was the remark-

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *July 7*

Publication rights in the United States controlled by the *Baltimore Sun*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able case of the Hereditary Princess of Sthoit-Leinengen, which culminated in a royal divorce; and the still more recent affair of the Grand-Nurse-in-Waiting's tame monkey, which made such a stir and resulted in the suicide of a Russian Consul. It was when public excitement was at its height over the great Bribery Case in connection with the Pope's birthday celebrations, and suspicion had settled on a well-known workhouse official, that I again received intimation that Holmes was in England. I had just come in from a long round when the maidservant brought in a note whose appearance struck me at once as familiar. As I tore it open I mechanically noticed that it was written on cream-laid paper, with a printed address, and that the stamp was in the right-hand top corner of the envelope. This lapse into a long-forgotten habit made me think of Holmes, and I was not surprised to recognize his signature at the foot of the sheet.

'Dear Watson,' it ran. 'Can you come round to the old place at 3 P.M. to-morrow? — Yours, S. H.'

I hastily scribbled an acceptance, and the following day, having turned over my practice to my assistant and locked the dispensary door for fear of accidents, I hailed a 'City Atlas' and soon found myself en route for Baker Street. (Holmes had taken rooms just above our former locality.)

The door was opened by a tired-looking maid. I entered, and encountered the gaze of a child about three years of age. He was wearing a miniature dressing gown, and had just been taking an impression of the cat's foot in a piece of dough.

Before I had time to speak he had crawled rapidly and noiselessly up the stairs and announced me: 'Pa, there's a man to see you.'

'Who is it?' answered Holmes's voice, and I was struck by the weariness of his tone.

'He's a doctor, poor, and he's got a wife, but she is away. He came up in the omnibus, it was very full, a lady got in too, but he did n't get up to let her have his seat, same as he ought to,' said this remarkable child.

I entered in response to Holmes's invitation. The apartment was thick with tobacco smoke and Holmes was listlessly repairing a string in his violin. He held out his hand with something of his old heartiness, but there was a tired look in his eyes I did not like.

'Ah, Watson, I'm glad to see you again.' Then, following the direction of my glance, 'This is my son. — Sherlock, come and say "How do you do?" to the gentleman.'

'He's quite well, he did have a cold, but that is quite well too, and he did n't put nothin' in the bag las' Sunday,' finished this remarkable infant. I turned to Holmes in amazement.

'But how on earth —'

'Oh, *he* knows,' said my friend rather bitterly; 'there is n't much he can't see. But it is your professional assistance I want you for now.'

Holmes was not the man to take such a step lightly, and my gravest fears were aroused. I glanced keenly at him. His eyes were closed, his temperature was normal, but the pulse was beating in quick irregular jerks, and symptoms pointed to a slight cerebral congestion; an application of the stethoscope showed me at a glance his nerves were all to pieces. He languidly turned up his sleeve.

'No,' I said firmly, laying my hand upon a small hypodermic syringe he had taken from a pocket of his dressing gown, 'I cannot allow any more morphia; you only need rest and a complete change.'

'Heaven knows you're right, Watson, my dear fellow, but how the deuce

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am I to get it? Can you tell me that?'

I felt that here was something more than appeared on the surface.

'What is it that prevents you — not Moriarty again?'

Holmes looked at me in something of his old manner. 'Watson, Watson, when shall I teach you to eliminate the obviously impossible? We have already twice disposed of Moriarty — once in the Strand, and again at the Lyceum; you will remember the circumstances very well.' He sighed. 'No, it is not Moriarty.'

His eyes wandered to his son, who was scraping the sole of a shoe and examining the matter so obtained by the aid of a powerful lens. 'It *was* Martha meddled with my specimens, and she said it was the cat,' the infant announced conclusively. His face darkened, and he crawled off after the offending Martha.

Holmes turned to me. 'What do you make of it, Watson?'

I hesitated. 'It is evident he has your talents; it must be very gratifying.'

'Watson, it is killing me. All day long and every hour of the day he is at it. My wife has broken down — nervous system entirely shattered; no one will visit us; we can't keep a servant — they won't put up with it.'

'Surely,' I said, 'it is not so bad as that; he is only a baby —'

Holmes smiled bitterly. 'He contrives to do a good deal in his way. He told the Dean's wife her husband had been married before, and that her diamonds were not real. He took the opportunity of announcing at an At Home that Sir Ronald's grandfather was a tailor in Stepney, that he made his money in patent pills, and that he was afraid of his valet. He took an impression in wax of the Vicar's thumb and subsequently told him that his sermons were not his own, that he had some money on Daystar at the St. Leger, that his niece was a sempstress, and that his brother-in-law was doing time for forgery. He tracked the area policeman for over three weeks to find out where he went when he was off duty — and he told the tax collector his back teeth were false. You have seen for yourself he is after Martha now. She'll give notice next.'

'Why don't you keep him in the nursery?'

'They can't. He outwits them in every possible way. No, there is only one thing to be done: I must take on the job myself. Watson, Watson, if you are a truthful person you will faithfully recount this in the memoirs you are giving to the public. I who have baffled Moriarty, I who have had a hand in unraveling most of the mysteries that have perplexed Europe, with knowledge enough of the seamy side of courts and the back doors of politics to bring about a European war — I am now compelled to turn all my energies to circumventing my own son; and, Watson, it is killing me.'

He plunged his hands deep in his dressing-gown pockets, and his chin fell on his breast.

I crept out softly and closed the door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSINESS ABROAD

Stockholm and New York

Two important meetings have been added to the rapidly lengthening list of international business conferences—the biennial convention of the International Chamber of Commerce at Stockholm, and the session of central bank heads at New York. Stockholm welcomed delegations from all the great trading and industrial countries and conducted its discussions in the light of the Geneva Economic Conference just concluded. The meeting at the League capital had been quasi-official; the one at the Swedish capital represented entirely private enterprise. Both agreed substantially in their main recommendation—that customs duties should be lowered and artificial trade restrictions abolished. A veteran London banker declared: 'We cannot do business because politicians prevent us by restrictions and tariffs. . . . There is always the possibility that the government of a country where a sale has been made will place some additional obstacle, such as a new higher duty, in the way of an importation before delivery, thus giving the purchaser an excuse for repudiating his contract. It is impossible for bankers to do their work when this sort of thing is going on.' This raises the question of an international commercial code, backed by treaties, to secure stability in international trade relations and protect contracts between citizens of different states from the effect of the sudden and arbitrary acts of their own authorities. Whatever the political tendency of the moment may be in Europe, the economic tendency is clearly toward greater freedom of international intercourse. The meeting of the Governors of the Federal Reserve Bank, the Bank of England, and the Reichsbank, and of the Subgovernor of the Bank of France, in New York, was as limited in its aims as it was in its personnel. Its deliberations were private, but its object was to consider ways and means for stabilizing the international money market, and incidentally prices, by coöperation in fixing discount and exchange rates and in the use of the world's stock of gold. Of several problems here involved, the question of gold supply is just now the most prominent. Professor Cassel, who has always been an alarmist on the gold question, published an article in the last Quarterly Report of the Scandinavian Credit Corporation in which he stressed more emphatically than ever before the threat of a gold famine. The same possibility occupies financial writers in the British and German press. Professor Cassel predicts, on the strength of recent information, that the South African gold mines, which are now the world's chief source of supply for this metal, will be so far exhausted within fifteen years that they will sink to a relatively unimportant position among producers. By that time, he estimates, the world's annual output of gold will hardly equal one half the normal demand. If this proves true and our financial machinery is not readjusted to meet the situation, a rapid fall of prices will ensue, checking business expansion and prosperity. Among possible remedies for this, Professor Cassel urges that, since the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monetary demand for gold is largely conventional, the sixty-per-cent gold cover for bank issues usual at present may well be reduced to one half that ratio. He would also encourage central banks to keep their gold reserves in one or two centres, probably London and New York, instead of at their national capitals. Incidentally it is pointed out that American business is gradually accommodating itself to the possession of its present vast gold hoard, so that our bankers and business men are less disposed than formerly to favor its redistribution to other countries. In accord with this the *Statist* declared editorially not long ago, 'The rise in London money rates has attracted a certain amount of American money, but no considerable influx of capital can be expected from New York while so large a proportion of America's liquid resources are used in bolstering up an enormous bull position on the Stock Exchange,' and believes British bank authorities should give attention to the increasing amount of English money being lent abroad. 'The drain of gold from the Bank of England continues, and foreign competition for the gold available in the open market is of such intensity, and at present gold rates of exchange is so effective, as to preclude the possibility of any substantial strengthening of our gold reserve before the advent of the autumn season. . . . An implacable alternative faces this country. Either it must succeed in making coöperation among central banks as regards gold policy more effective than it has been hitherto, or else sooner or later the Gold Standard Act of 1925 must be amended.' Its editor also concludes that America's huge gold holdings, which have been expected almost daily to start flowing to other countries, are now so tied with our huge credit structure that any substantial efflux is unlikely and, if it occurs, will be followed by a rise in the value of gold which the world must strive by all means to avert. Nevertheless London, which since the war has handled most of the short-term loans made to the Continent, generally on a very profitable basis, is now beginning to encroach upon what had become almost a New York monopoly — the issuance of long-term loans to European borrowers. This change was signalized by considerable lendings to Danzig, the Finland Mortgage Bank, the State of Saxony, and the City of Berlin. According to *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* this money was borrowed in London, not because British bankers offered better terms, but because the American public is beginning to fight shy of foreign securities. For some time European investors bought Continental bonds in New York, either to protect their capital from currency deflation at home or because they could thus get better interest than in their local markets. Consequently such bonds were quoted above their emission price. Now, however, this demand has ceased, several issues have sunk below their flotation figure, and American investors no longer want them.

British Business

During the first half of the year London's new capital issues were about one billion dollars — 207.5 million pounds sterling, or eighty million pounds more than in 1913, and larger than during any year since that date. Over three-fourths of this vast sum was invested in local enterprises, sixteen per cent in the colonies and Dominions, and eight per cent in foreign countries. Although comparisons with 1913 are influenced by the decreased value of money, these figures nevertheless indicate that Great Britain is steadily restoring her war-depleted capital. Dividend records bear out this conclu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion. England's new beet sugar industry, which is working under a gradually decreasing ten-year subsidy, is certainly profitable. One corporation paid last year twenty-per-cent dividends free of tax, after carrying a sum equal to fifty per cent of the issued capital to reserves and thirty per cent of the cost of its factory and other plant to depreciation. Two others paid twelve and one-half per cent to their stockholders, besides making equally liberal provision for reserves and depreciation. Coal mining, however, is still a sick industry, and iron and steel are only precariously convalescent. The number of unemployed miners in several fields has risen, double-shift mines have gone on one shift, and wages have been reduced to the legal minimum. This is because shippers cannot recover at remunerative prices the export markets they lost during the strike. Iron and steel men are disturbed by a recession of activity from the temporary boom due to delayed orders that followed the strike. Shipbuilding, which also celebrated a brief revival, is likewise in an unsatisfactory situation. One of the two great Belfast yards is nearly idle, though this is due to the firm's financial difficulties; but the other is fully employed. On the Tyne seventeen thousand men are on the pay rolls, but this is several thousand less than before the war, and only one half of the total berths are occupied. On the Clyde, also, new construction is below the pre-war figures, and orders are falling off.

The growing part that fine manufactures hold in Britain's total industrial output is illustrated by the Sheffield metal trades, where the growth of the new stainless steel manufacture is analogous to the expansion elsewhere of artificial silk. Its output has doubled within a year. One of its branches, which is pushing for a market even in the United States, is the manufacture of safety razor blades. The invention of the safety razor struck a severe blow at the old Sheffield hollow-ground razor manufacture; but within two or three years several firms have begun to make the modern wafer blades, and fifteen establishments are now engaged in their production. Similarly in the cotton industry, during the recent period of strict economy, Lancashire goods have been displaced in the world market by inferior or coarser fabrics. Now that foreign consumers are recovering something of their former prosperity, the demand for the finer products of British looms is reviving, and a sharp decline in unemployment makes what is regarded as the dawn of permanently better times in the textile districts. A new merchandising development, similar to that against which German wholesale merchants recently protested, has occurred in England, where the well-known manufacturing firm of Tootall, Broadhurst, Lee and Company proposes in the future to sell its goods directly to retailers. Its managers justify this innovation by the increasing practice of branding fabrics, which are now sold under legally protected trade names. This practice, which began in the artificial silk industry, has become common in the cotton trade, inducing manufacturers to seek closer contact than heretofore with ultimate consumers.

The romantic age of Britain's world-wide business pioneering is recalled by the last annual report of the Hudson Bay Company, the history of whose manifold enterprises in the northern part of our continent records the industrial evolution of a nation. The Company still owns nearly three million acres of agricultural land in the best part of Western Canada. Last year it sold two hundred and seventy-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three thousand acres and took back one hundred and thirty-seven thousand acres under canceled sales representing farms purchased during the boom period by speculators who failed to make more than the preliminary payments. The Company's original business, fur trading, may eventually branch out into fur farming. The value of pelts from fur farms is as yet only four per cent of Canada's total fur production, but it promises rapidly to increase. Therefore the Company has experimentally acquired interests in two large fox-breeding establishments on Prince Edward Island.

France

Financial and trade discussion in France continues to revolve around the recovery and stabilization of the franc. When the Subgovernor of the Bank of France departed for the New York Conference, financial papers declared that the 'creeping crisis' through which French industry had been passing since the franc reached its present value last December proved that its present quotation does not accord with the country's business needs, and that the currency cannot be stabilized until the debt question is out of the way. French capitalists who hastened to put their funds in foreign currency and securities during the flight from the franc last year have been equally eager to reconvert these investments into francs since their subsequent rise. The Bank of France thus finds itself overloaded with demands upon London and New York, and French speculators and investors are oversupplied with ready funds. This has not caused as yet a rise on the Paris Stock Exchange, which remains persistently apathetic. The buyers' strike is attributed by *Le Temps* to a feeling that industrial stocks and securities do not pay an adequate return, which comes back again perhaps to the industrial lethargy that has followed the recovery of the currency. During the first five months of the year France's imports and exports practically balanced each other. This may not continue, however, for an unusually wet season has injured crops, and heavier food imports than usual are predicted.

Trade between Germany and France is rapidly increasing, and will doubtless be benefited by the conclusion of the new commercial treaty just signed after protracted and stormy negotiations. The provisional trade agreement which has been in force for several years was based upon the Treaty of Versailles, which stipulated that French goods entering Germany should have the benefit of a 'most favored nation' clause, but did not equally favor German goods entering France. It was Germany's insistence upon equality of treatment in this respect that delayed the new treaty, which concedes her demands.

Germany

Across the Rhine the Ruhr coal industry is beginning to feel the effect of British competition. Some decline in employment has occurred there, although in the country as a whole the number of idle workers fell from two million last January to eight hundred thousand last June. A few mines are now working at a loss, and the shrinkage of sales has been about twenty per cent since January 1. At present nearly one dollar must be paid for taxes and social welfare assessments for every ton of coal mined. While iron and steel production remains fairly steady, — the United Steel Works, which have just floated a thirty-million-dollar loan in New York, have turned out twenty-two thousand, five hundred metric tons of steel a day since the first of January, — it faces steadily growing public burdens. One furnace company, for example, which paid two hundred

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and seventy thousand marks on its Dawes obligations last year, pays five hundred and fifty thousand this year, and will pay still more the coming season. Another iron and steel corporation, whose taxes and other public and quasi-public obligations in 1913 amounted to seven hundred and eighty thousand marks, paid to the Government last year two million, four hundred and sixty thousand marks. The coal industry would be in a worse situation than it is were it not for the increasing income obtained from by-products, which already account for about one eighth of its total earnings. Last year sixty-three of the principal mining companies in Germany earned six and six-tenths per cent net upon their aggregate capital of something over one billion marks. Thirty-eight furnace companies, however, earned only a little more than four per cent. The chemical industry was one of the most profitable, paying above nine per cent. Two hundred and forty-nine textile establishments, with an aggregate capital of about four hundred and fifty million marks, earned seven per cent and distributed just under six per cent to their shareholders. They will probably do better this year. German spinners and weavers are sold out for many months in advance on account of the eagerness of buyers, especially clothing manufacturers, to make contracts ahead as a result of the rising tendency of the raw material market. Cotton, wool, linen, satin, and silk manufacturers are all embarrassed by lack of labor.

Upper Silesia's zinc industry is depressed by being cut off from the German market during the present tariff war. According to Moscow official reports, Russia's output of coal, petroleum, pig iron, steel, and rolled metal in March, and the production of cotton, woolen, and linen cloth, were considerably larger than in the same month in 1926. Three hundred and eighteen thousand tons of steel were produced, as compared with two hundred and sixty-four thousand in March 1926; and two hundred and two million metres of cotton cloth were woven, as compared with one hundred and seventy-five million metres one year ago.

Italy's Economic Trials

Some measure of the depression that has accompanied the attempt to restore the lira in Italy may be obtained from the fact that the tax on business transactions showed a decrease of about thirty million lire during the first half of the current year. The crisis is characterized by a shrinkage of exports, a contraction of internal trade, lack of liquid money, falling wages only partly compensated by a decrease in the cost of living, and growing unemployment. All classes — manufacturers, landlords, peasants, artisans, and professional men — are suffering. Farm produce has fallen from thirty to forty per cent since last year, and silk cocoons about seventy-five per cent. As a result many peasants, particularly in the northern provinces, are unable to pay their debts, and some have abandoned their holdings altogether and left the country. In a long list of manufactured articles the only two which were exported in larger quantities in 1927 than in 1926 were straw hats and gloves, and the only industrial raw material imported the latter year in larger quantities than the former was unwashed wool.

Both France and Spain propose to establish government monopolies to take over the importation, refining, storage, and distribution of petroleum and its by-products. Spain will do this through a chartered company in which the Government will have a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirty-per-cent interest. This company is to have the power to expropriate all existing works, warehouses, and other plants for the manufacture, sale, or distribution of oils in Spain. Most Spanish industries are seriously depressed. Many of the textile mills in Catalonia have shut down, and others are working short time. The coal industry is languishing here as it is elsewhere in Europe, although the Government uses local coal exclusively, regardless of the fact that it costs far more than English coal.

Asia to India

Possibly with the private negotiations between Turkey and the international bondholders for an arrangement regarding the settlement of a portion of her pre-war debt in mind, the last annual general meeting of the Ottoman Bank, in London, was a rather cheerful gathering. In spite of a drought last year, Turkey's grain harvest was forty per cent higher than the average, reducing imports from seventy-seven thousand tons to ten thousand tons. Tobacco, however, which is the staple money crop of many Turkish farmers, was a partial failure, and the cotton crop, which amounts to only about forty thousand bales, was also below the average. On the other hand, the mining industries made progress, and exports, notwithstanding unfavorable crop conditions, increased by nearly forty per cent last year. Among the new railway contracts let by the Government is one to a German firm, for between two and three hundred miles of line, which will open new hinterlands for Smyrna and for Samsun on the Black Sea. Germany's present interests in Turkey are principally in mines, electrical industries, and railways. The British Imperial Bank of Persia increased its business by nearly one third last year, due to an increase of bank deposits and discounts. This institution proposes to erect a new modern banking house in Teheran, and has new premises in course of construction at Basra and Ispahan to accommodate its expanding business. Despite the refusal of the Indian Tariff Board to grant the requests of Bombay cotton-mill owners for higher duties, the price of mill shares remained unaffected. Bombay spinners work behind a tariff of eleven per cent, which is now net, since an excise tax of three and one-half per cent collected until last year has been abolished.

Australia

A British motor-car commission recently visited Australia and is said to have recommended the erection of a factory somewhere in the Commonwealth. The London *Outlook*, which keeps well informed regarding Dominion conditions, doubts whether this will benefit English industry, for the new establishment would do principally assembling, and 'the truth is that British gears, British engines, and, it may be added, British prices, are not so suitable to Australian conditions as those of our American competitors.' The Australian Estates and Mortgage Company, which operates several large sheep stations in Queensland and New South Wales, reports a decline in its clip from twenty thousand bales in 1925 to fifteen thousand bales in 1926, due to the Queensland drought. Since weather conditions have been unfavorable again the present season, the Company's annual statement is not optimistic. The National Bank of New Zealand, in reporting decreased profits last year, describes the season as 'on the whole one of industrial depression.' Although New Zealand's imports were reduced by twenty-five million dollars, there was still an adverse trade balance of one half that amount. Public finances are in good shape, however, and the Budget shows

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an unanticipated surplus. The depression, which is essentially an agricultural one, is explained by low prices of dairy produce, wool, frozen meats, and hides, which constitute more than four fifths of all the Dominion's exports.

China and Japan

China's treaty ports are said to be having an artificial boom due to the expenditures of the foreign military and naval expeditions and to the influx of wealthy Chinamen from the disturbed sections of the country. A plan is under consideration to establish a central bank in Manchuria, with Japanese capital, and a delegation from the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of that province was recently in Tokyo to raise funds for the proposed institution. Deposits in existing banks are over eighty million dollars, and loans and discounts amount to double this sum. More than one thousand Japanese business firms are engaged in business in Manchuria. Their aggregate capital, which exceeds half a billion yen, approaches that of the South Manchuria Railway Company. The latter reports a substantial increase in its freight and passenger traffic last year. The Japanese authorities in Korea will conclude next season a ten-year programme for the systematic development of cotton growing. While the crop has not quite reached the goal set at the beginning, on account of recent low prices, it is now one hundred and sixty million pounds.

Insurance, like banking, and partly as a result of the recent banking crisis, has come under criticism in Japan. The press claims that company directors are in the habit of getting personal advances from banks on the security of deposits made by their institutions, and that they guarantee in their capacity as directors advances to private business enterprises in which they are interested. The Industrial Bank of Japan has refused a loan of fifteen million dollars to the great Kawasaki Dockyard Company, to whose difficulties we recently referred. Even the proposed Government guaranty apparently does not make such an advance attractive. Japanese papers publish a new direct-train schedule from Tokyo to Moscow. First-class fares are seventy dollars to Moscow, eighty-three dollars to Berlin, and ninety-six dollars to Calais or Rome. To these must be added sleeping-car charges amounting to about thirty-two dollars to Moscow, and about an equal sum for each one hundred and twenty-five pounds — fifty kilogrammes — of baggage carried.

Excelsior, a leading daily of Mexico City, expresses concern lest the presidential election prove to be the straw that will break the camel's back in the present business crisis. The Government recently arrested Gonzalo Carillo, chief of the legal bureau of its Department of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, who is said to have been the author of the new petroleum law, on the charge of accepting eight thousand pesos from various oil companies for certain illegal services. Colombia, which is an active borrower in the New York money market, has had a good business year. The financial position of the Government is favorable and foreign exchange is stable, but industries, including public works, are suffering from want of labor. Unskilled sugar plantation hands earn from eighty cents to a dollar a day, and wages in the interior are a little lower than this. Since the oil boom in Venezuela, however, unskilled labor can find employment there at from one dollar and sixty cents to one dollar and eighty cents a day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pirandello's Plans

THE Little Theatre Movement can congratulate itself on having made a new convert in the form of Mussolini, who has granted government support to a National Prose Theatre supervised by that most subtle of all modern dramatists, Luigi Pirandello. By November 1 the project should be inaugurated, but, as the happy director points out, certain difficulties must be overcome. The chief difficulty — and it is one that other directors have to contend with — is to find an audience. Italy boasts no great metropolis capable of supporting a repertory theatre that would perform only a few plays perfectly. But since his country does contain several large cities, Pirandello plans to organize a huge ensemble that will perform simultaneously in Rome, Turin, and Milan. As soon as one city gets tired of the repertory it is saddled with, the troupe leaves town and one of the other troupes appears with a new group of plays. This sounds expensive and would seem to entail supporting three National Prose Theatres instead of one, but as long as *Il Duce* pays the bills it should be plain sailing. One can only regret that Yale did not appreciate the mighty Fascist's lively interest in dramatic art before it wooed Professor Baker away from Harvard.

Pirandello announces that he will put on Italian classical drama, some Pirandello, a few modern Italian plays, a little Pirandello, a d'Annunzio or two, if that temperamental author chooses to submit one of his masterpieces, and an occasional Pirandello to vary the monotony. Already five of his own plays are in preparation, and the plot of one of them, which he has revealed to the public, should whet the appetite of the most jaded playgoer.

La Nuova Colonia, as the piece is called, deals with the history of a small island populated only by convicts and threatened with destruction through an earthquake. The convicts are set free, having been purified by their primitive life, but when they return to civilization some of them are so disgusted by the Hollowness Of It All that they decide to return to their earthly paradise, come what may. Twenty men and one woman, who, to put it mildly, is no better than she should be, resume their former life and at once a new light shines from their eyes. The professional lady turns Madonna and surrenders only to one of her companions, whom the others at once hail as their leader. To him she bears a child, but in the meanwhile jealousy has entered the breast of one of the subjects, who returns to civilization and persuades a throng of fishermen — the kind that bring their women with them —to take up residence on the island Eden. These crude additions to the colony inject bourgeois conceptions of private property into the previously happy community, but the women prove more upsetting still, for the Madonna, whose prestige depended solely on the fact that she was the only woman on hand, is dethroned, and her consort with her. The new leader, whose wealth gains him his position, offers to adopt the Madonna's child, having none of his own. She refuses, and as he attempts to wrest the little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one from her arms the ground between them is cleft asunder and the island sinks into the sea, leaving only the woman standing on a solitary rock, pressing her baby to her breast. The mother, as Pirandello himself pointed out, symbolizes maternal strength drawing all its force from the earth, and the entire play is described as 'a modern myth.'

Hindy at Eighty

ALTHOUGH Hindenburg does not reach the age of eighty until October 2, preparations for his birthday celebration are already well under way. Stamps bearing his picture are to be sold at twice the regular price and the proceeds will go to swell the Hindenburg Fund for wounded veterans that is being collected in all parts of Germany. Interest in this fund, which embodies the President's wish that any money collected in his name be used for the benefit of others, has distracted popular attention from the enormous monument in the process of erection at Tannenburg, the scene of the great German victory over the invading Russians.

Even the old Field Marshal's bitterest enemies have been unable to find fault with his tactful and generous attitude, while the vast majority of his countrymen cannot fail to respond to the dramatic situation of a man of eighty still at the height of his powers and uniquely able to reconcile conflicting parties — a man who was on the retired list of officers when the war broke out, thirteen years ago, and who twice emerged from retirement, once to save his country on the battlefield and again to secure the infant Republic. It was Hindenburg's wish to retire at the age of eighty, but since no one else can fill his shoes he must remain in office, probably until his term expires, five years hence.

His household is quite as simple as the frugal Calvin's. It consists of the President's son, Major Oscar von Hindenburg, his young wife, who acts as hostess, her two little children, four civil servants, and a captain of the Reichswehr. The most important member of it is Dr. Otto Meissner, the Secretary of State, who held the same position under Ebert and in his inconspicuous way is one of the most powerful and able men in all Germany. Under the previous régime he was looked upon as a Nationalist, but he now enjoys the reputation of inclining distinctly to the Left. Under both Presidents he has successfully represented the interests of the Opposition group and has kept the Chief Executive free from charges of favoritism.

The daughter-in-law sits at the head of the table and performs difficult social duties as the head of an important establishment, but her husband, Oscar, keeps himself in the background. Outside the presidential palace, however, she is far less important than Mrs. Stresemann and the wives of several other political leaders. Hindenburg himself is very solicitous for her welfare — his own two daughters are much older, one of them being a grandmother already. Sentimental parallels have been drawn between Goethe's daughter-in-law Ottilie and the 'new Ottilie' who directs the presidential menage.

The Baedeker Centenary

KARL BAEDEKER'S guidebook publishing firm is celebrating this year the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. The original Karl Baedeker's first production, which he published in 1827 at Coblenz, was entitled *Rhein Reise von Mainz bis Köln, Handbuch für Schnellreisende,* but it lacked the maps and indexes that were introduced later. The author soon enlarged the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scope of this first book, which amounted to little more than a list of inns, and endeavored to collect enough general information, as well as mere sights, to make unconducted travel possible. His scheme proved tremendously successful. Every year he would spend several months assembling new data, and it is said that he put in thirteen and one-half hours on two successive days cataloguing and describing the positions of the graves in the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. When the old man died, in 1859, he had produced ten editions of the Rhineland book, six of Belgium and Holland, eight of Germany and Austria, eight of Switzerland, and two of Paris. The first French and English translations appeared in 1860. Not until 1872, however, were the permanent headquarters of the firm established in Leipzig.

A Heathen Chinee

WRITING with a background of thirty years' service in every province in China, and concealing his identity under the pseudonym 'Mencius, Junior,' a native Chinese frames a vigorous indictment of the Christian missionaries in the land of his birth. The editor of the *English Review*, in which the article appeared, vouches for its authenticity, and although his Tory readers will be bound to sympathize with the point of view expressed, he admits that such uncompromising attack 'deserves an authoritative reply.' The substance of young Mencius's contention is familiar enough: the Christian missions — and especially the American Y. M. C. A. secretaries — have made the lower classes receptive to Bolshevism. First he emphasizes the contrast between the celibate Catholic priests who spent their entire lives in China and the Protestants who arrived after 1840 and stirred up trouble instead of accepting, as the Catholics did, the social status quo.

By 1911 matters came to a head. 'In the chaos that naturally followed the change-over from a monarchical to a new form of government, the foreign missionaries got entirely out of hand, branching out into a hundred new forms of activities, most of them entirely pernicious. . . . The Americans, as usual, took the lead.'

Here is what Mencius, Junior, has to say about our churchmen: 'The worst offenders were the Americans, who, perhaps by reason of their own rebellious descent, spent most of their lives actively fomenting trouble and rebellion throughout the land. The English are bad, but they do not as a rule compare with the Americans in setting up strife within their districts, and are more amenable to the local officials, being, in the main, better-educated men with a wider and more tolerant outlook.' Obviously these are the words of a Chinese Die-hard, a supporter of the old faith and the old customs. He blames the Y. M. C. A. for using the 'shelter of the American flag' as a 'fostering place for rebellion.' In 1912, he asserts, 'letters intercepted between the Shanghai branch [of the Y. M. C. A.] and many others disclosed that, for every communication made about religion or athletic exercises, there were fifteen or twenty about political subjects.'

According to Mencius, Nationalism does not express the desire of the Chinese people for independence, but is likely to 'place the country, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of Russia.' In short, Russia — and not England — is and always has been the most dangerous threat to Chinese independence and to the continuation of a distinctive mode of life. We have no way of knowing what Mencius's obligations to Great Britain are, but it is certain that his reactionary opinions arise from an interest in perpetuating British control of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Yangtze Valley. The English would not and could not prevent certain natives from sharing the profits they derive from China, and the fact that one of these natives has become articulate — albeit anonymously — only calls attention to the situation, and throws no light whatever on the real needs of the Chinese people. Yet the article is important, not only for its violent views of America, but because it does represent a large body of Oriental opinion, which, though differing on other subjects from Mencius, Junior, would endorse his concluding statement: 'Judged by this standard [that is, practising what you preach], Christianity can be placed in the discarded heap of those doctrines and creeds which have already been tried and found wanting.'

Arrests for Art's Sake

MAINTAINING that his own works and the works of promising young artists had been refused by the Royal Academy, Mr. Somerville Hayne, painter and sculptor, endeavored to secure a police summons for the arrest of the President and Council of that body. Although Mr. Hayne's own works had been exhibited at the Academy four times, they were not included in this year's show, and his indignation at the omission generously extended to other disappointed aspirants as well. 'I am the man who spoke for twelve hours in protest against the Rima figure in the Hyde Park bird sanctuary,' he boasted. 'I am against the diabolically Bolshevist in art. I have sent a wire to the Speaker of the House of Commons asking him to cover up some of the eight panels painted in the Commons. If necessary, I'm willing, in order to make my protest, to get into Parliament by fighting a by-election. I should advocate a Ministry of Arts. I think I could get a seat.'

Mr. Hayne has done work at the royal palaces, — exactly what, he does not say, — and his portrait of the King was among those rejected by the Academy. But none of these claims sound as convincing as his simple statement: 'The Prince of Wales has bought a picture of me.' Why, then, should the Academy lag behind?

Music at Frankfort

AT the fifth annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music in Frankfort chaos prevailed. The main event consisted in the performance of Busoni's unfinished opera, *Doctor Faust*, which follows the old mediæval legends and not Goethe's version. The chief scene — or *Hauptspiel* — is laid in the ducal park at Parma, where Faust has an intrigue with the Duchess to the accompaniment of processions, masquerades, and a ballet. In the final episode Faust meets this same Duchess, reduced to beggary, carrying their child at her breast. She gives him the baby, vanishes, and he breathes his own personality into the body of the infant, who, it appears, is dead. Thus, through a new being, the bent branch of Faust himself will grow full straight and become united with the Eternal Will. These, of course, are only two episodes in a rich but very loose masterpiece that cannot, on account of the difficulties of staging, often be performed.

The minor elements in the Frankfort Carnival included many strange varieties of modern music. Symphonies by the Danish composer Carl Nielsen, and by the Czech doctor of music Emil Axman, were performed, as well as a new concerto by the Hungarian Bela Bartok. Josef Hauer, a young Austrian, was heard from in an orchestral suite written without any key. His aim is to reproduce the music of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China and the East by eschewing polyphony and running entirely to 'atonality,' a mass of 'klangs,' chords, and tone colors. But perhaps the most astounding number was the 'Kolo Choir' from Zagreb in Yugoslavia, singing unaccompanied an oratorio entitled *The Life and Works of St. Cyril and St. Methodius*, written by the Rumanian composer Bezidar Sirola. To the distant American, reading the programme aloud may be recommended as an almost perfectly satisfactory substitute for visiting Frankfort and hearing the noise.

Germany Turns to Sport

DURING his visit to London, Emil Ludwig announced through the columns of the *Westminster Gazette* that sport was beginning to take the place formerly occupied by militarism in the life of Germany. As a sound Wilsonian — though he admits that 'Wilson was weak' — Herr Ludwig despises military institutions, but he realizes that two centuries of martial achievement have left Germany susceptible to war fever. It is not enough, he says, for returned veterans to describe the horrors of war to the men who were too young to fight: something must be provided to supply the need they all feel for glory and competition. In England sport has always absorbed most of this kind of enthusiasm, though Herr Ludwig was distressed to notice the 'gay, light-hearted manner' in which the British soldiers — most of them about twenty years old — left for China a few months ago.

But if England suffers from this contagion at all, Germany is far more open to it. Her defeat in the war, on top of her national propensity toward military excellence, helps to make the situation ticklish. Luckily, however, the army has been virtually obliterated, and the youth of the land must turn to sport instead. 'Germany is fast qualifying for the position of the keenest sporting country in the world,' says Herr Ludwig. 'The ambition to excel in swimming, running, rowing, boxing, and all forms of games amounts almost to a mania.' In the past two years German athletes have lowered several track records, and preparations are well under way for turning out a formidable team at next year's Olympics.

The minority of Germans who believe in the 'moral influence of an unarmed nation' welcome this new interest. Another group — perhaps not a majority, but a large body of opinion — say: 'We are to be disarmed, but what are the other nations doing about it?' Germany has not gone pacifist by any means, but her playing fields may be able to prevent, rather than win, another Waterloo.

Prayer Book Profiteers

THE bishops of the Church of England have been receiving protests against the high prices demanded for the new *Revised Book of Common Prayer*. 'The copyright proposals in the Prayer Book Measure make very bad reading for any churchman,' said the Reverend Charles E. Douglas, the bursar of the Society of the Faith and a proctor in the Convocation of Canterbury, 'for monopoly, privilege, and money-making are hardly fit companions to any form of prayer.' A committee of divines and publishers had advised, in 1925, opening negotiations with the 'privileged presses,' — Oxford, Cambridge, and the King's Printers, — and gave the Bishop of Oxford plenary powers in making final arrangements. This has aroused criticism, because, in the words of the *Morning Post*, this man was 'from his lifelong association with the Oxford

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Press a guardian of other interests than those of the Church.' Point was given to these complaints by the fact that Woolworth stores sell the Roman Catholic Prayer Book for sixpence, whereas the Church of England's book cannot be bought for less than one shilling and threepence. The publishing house of Collins in Glasgow — which is not one of the privileged firms — has offered to supply a *Book of Common Prayer* at sixpence, so that the Protestant 'devotion' may be as cheap and popular as the Roman Catholic, to which the credit for the low rate is really due.

At the French Academy

ALMOST immediately after Paul Valéry's official reception at the French Academy, two new members were elected. With one of these, Abel Hermant, the novelist, *Living Age* readers are perhaps acquainted already. He has written sixty books, and some of his articles have appeared in this magazine within the past few years. The other new Academician, Émile Mâle, is probably less well known in this country. He is a scholar who has concentrated his attention on the religious art of France in the thirteenth century. Two volumes of his monumental life work, *L'Art réligieux en France*, have already appeared, and *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* describes them as being the work of one of those rarely gifted scholars who can see the forest as well as the trees.

Neither of the two new additions to the Academy caused a sensation. Hermant is a bright, prolific writer who has hit off many characteristics of modern society. When Valéry was received under the cupola the more advanced school of French writers rejoiced, and read his involved reception speech with eager if uncomprehending eyes. For Paul Valéry stands out as one of the really great European writers. He started as a symbolist, then held his peace for years, and now has blossomed out as a masterly critic and philosopher. By no means as much can be said for the good Hermant, who, as fate would have it, conducted a bitter literary war against René Boylesve, the man whose seat he has inappropriately been chosen to fill. In 1922 his hopes of election failed to materialize, and the award for which he feels he has had to wait too long others are resenting even now.

Suzanne in England

MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN, the Tex Rickard of England, has delivered himself of a pungent judgment on the subject of professional tennis. While arranging for Suzanne's London appearances he encountered great difficulty in securing suitable opponents, and was led to conclude that the salaries he offered were not sufficient to compensate the amateur players for the revenue they would forgo by abandoning their present status. Since no answer followed this damaging imputation, the *Nation and Athenæum* sardonically commented on the large sums paid by the daily press to the so-called 'amateurs,' and suggested that the practice, already current in golf and cricket, of having amateurs and professionals play together be extended to tennis as well.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

Stuff and Nonsense, by Walter de la Mare. London: Constable and Company, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

THERE is some excellent nonsense verse in Mr. de la Mare's *Peacock Pie*, the personal and peculiar humor of which appeals to children and grown-ups alike. Indeed, the helter-skelter story of the Three Jolly Farmers, who all bet a pound 'each dance the others would off the ground,' is as popular with the young things as Browning's 'Pied Piper,' and is even more easily got by heart. *Stuff and Nonsense* contains some entertaining experiments and a number of Double Limericks, of which the following is a fair specimen: —

There was a young lady of Tring,
There was an old fellow of Kello;
And she — she did nothing but sing,
And he — he did nothing but bellow:
  Now I think (and don't you?)
  That the best thing to do
  Were to marry these two:
Then maybe the one would sing no more in Tring,
Or the other not bellow in Kello.

There is not a smile, however, much less a laugh, in these novelties, and it would seem that a Double Limerick, like a double-yolked play, is likely to be a failure. Perhaps others may make something out of so interesting an innovation by adapting it to serious purposes. Fantasy, which is not a humorous affair, is really Mr. de la Mare's strong suit. But we are mildly amused with 'Meddling,' which begins: —

Says James to his second cousin, he says,
  'Fair mystery, John, it be,
Where them that thinks get the thoughts they thinks —
  What they calls philosophee;
I sits on these sands for days at a stretch,
  Staring out at the deep blue Sea,
But, pickle me, Coz, if a glim there comes
  Of the thoughts what they thinks to *me*.'

And 'The Jollies,' which somehow recalls *The Hunting of the Snark*, is a joyous absurdity, while 'The Spectre' is ridiculously thrilling: —

For afar o'er the marshes the booming of bitterns, like the bitterns that boomed once from Bootle in Lancs,
Came mingled with wailings from Dowsing and Dudgeon of sea-gulls lamenting o'er Bluddithumbe Banks —
My bowels turned to water; my knees shook; my skin crept; and the hairs on my cranium rose up in hanks.
And lo! from an attic there peered out a visage, with eyes like brass bed-knobs and beak like a hawk's;
And it opened the casement, and climbed down the ivy with claws like a trollop's, on legs like a stork's;
And I screamed and fled inland, from mansion and moonshine, till I saw the sun rising on Pep-y-gent, Yorks.

But the indefinable drollness, allied with haunting word-music, of several pieces in *Peacock Pie* is lacking for some reason, and the book is a disappointment — perhaps because the author has consciously or unconsciously imitated the inimitable Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll.

Essentials of Golf, by Abe Mitchell. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

A BOOK on golf by Abe Mitchell is an event; for, since the twilight of the great triumvirate, his has become the outstanding figure in British golf; and he, who never knew the days of the gutty, and the first coming of the rubber-core, is also the master-type of the modern golfing method. That is revealed in the difference between his exposition of the essentials of golf and those of his illustrious predecessors, whose prescriptions were, so to say, empirical, where Mitchell's are scientific. It often used to be said that the great masters of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

golf did not really know how they produced their results, beyond a few elementary conditions which had become crystallized by tradition into maxims. And it may be confidently assumed that Mitchell himself did not become the great player that he is by any processes of analysis and synthesis. Having attained, however, he has apparently submitted himself to self-interrogation, and from study and observation has evolved an elaborate hypothesis for the benefit of his generation.

Time was when the masters of golf were mainly concerned to communicate, in a more or less disguised form, just a series of tips — those suggestions which, when kindled in the mind of the practitioner, often produced, for a time at least, the most gratifying results, together with the illusion that the master-key to the secret of golf had been found. Mitchell does not give any tips. He gives instructions founded on what may be called a clinical demonstration. He might almost be an anatomist; and at first the pupil may begin to feel that the task of playing golf effectively is much too difficult for him. But as soon as the terms employed become familiar the difficulties disappear; though it may be questioned whether anyone who is not already a practised golfer is capable of applying the Mitchellian hypothesis.

In many respects Mitchell naturally confirms the wisdom of the old masters; but he has one doctrine that, if not new, has never been stated with such authority. It relates to the back-swing, which he insists on starting with a slight movement toward the line of flight of the right hip, followed by a sway of the hip from the ball until the right leg is braced. That will surely prove a hard saying to golfers nurtured in the strict school of tradition, which taught that the swing was nothing but a rotation round the axis of the spine. So also is the doctrine that it is not the wrists which begin the turn of the back-swing — a doctrine, by the way, which has been much challenged of late in other quarters.

On every sort of shot in golf Mitchell has much valuable instruction to give. (He is, by the way, a pitch-and-run advocate, as opposed to the pitch, for the short approach.) But the heart of his message is in his precept about the movement of the right hip. His book will be read with eager interest by all zealous golfers, and they will find their account not less in the admirable series of photographs which illustrate the text than in the text itself, a feature of which, by the way, is the tabulation of the essentials as to grip, stance, distribution of weight, and lie of club for the principal strokes.

Bouquet, by G. B. Stern. London: Chapman and Hall, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

In these days of prohibition-cum-vitamins it is both heartening and refreshing to come upon such a book as this and to know that there are still people in the world who are not only capable of a whole-hearted yet discriminating enjoyment of good food and good wine, but who are not ashamed to chronicle such enjoyment for the benefit of a generation racked with dyspepsia or absorbed in the attainment of the fashionable 'silhouette.' Yet, in spite of our care for our digestions and our figures, in spite of our virtuous abjuration of the joys of Bacchus, there are few of us who have reached or passed middle age who have not preserved among the treasures of memory the recollection of some perfect meal, eaten under the blue skies of France or Italy, or of some rare and exquisite vintage, some 'glorious drink, glowing brownish-gold in color' (to quote from Miss Stern's dithyrambic description of a particular wine), the flavor of which lingers upon the palate to this day. *Bouquet* is the story of a motor tour through Southern and Central France undertaken by 'G. B. Stern' and her husband and a pair of married friends, all frankly and avowedly in quest of the best food and the best wines to be found in that richly favored land. If there be a fault to be found with so engaging an account of the experiences of a so frankly greedy and bibulous quartette, it lies in a certain sense of surfeit which, just as it occasionally overcame the travelers in reality, occasionally overcomes the reader in imagination. For who would not be occasionally 'glotto' (to use a portmanteau

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word coined by one of the party to express the combination 'glutted' and 'blotto') in the course of a whole month spent in the deglutition, twice daily, of such meals as the following: —

We began with a *pâté de lièvre* . . . cuddled in red jelly, a most soul-satisfying dish. Then river crayfish, *écrevisses à l'américaine*, beautifully served in a flaming cognac sauce . . . and then *perdreaux rôtis* . . . ; *aubergines farcies* were succeeded by a good Roquefort cheese, the best cheese of all for bringing out the flavor of accompanying wine, and a *liqueur de la maison* poured from an oak bottle bound in brass.

For ourselves we can only regard with awe the gastronomic and Bacchanalian capacities of these four people who, for four weeks on end, could consume two such meals a day, accompanied by never less than two and sometimes three bottles of different rare and potent vintages, rounded off by glasses of still more potent liqueur brandy — and live to tell the tale! Truly they belong by rights to a more robust age than ours — an age in which people were not ashamed to 'eat, drink, and be merry,' nor were weighed down with fear of the consequences of such indulgence.

The Playgoers' Handbook to the English Renaissance Drama, by A. M. Mackenzie. London: Jonathan Cape, 1927. *5s.*

[*Observer*]

Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie has written a very brisk and entertaining book, in which, colloquially and without burdensome pedantry, she tells the story of English Drama from the time of the University Wits to the time of Shirley; and she has added a chapter on modern production and some appendices full of useful information of various sorts. The chapter on production can be recommended to amateur actors, not only for its general sanity, but for its practical details. Miss Mackenzie is not afraid to speak her mind, which is virtuous enough, but, better still, she is not afraid to be explicit and to deal in plain information. There is no windy verbiage in this book, nor does its author confuse the mind with highfalutin phrases, mostly signifying nothing. Miss Mackenzie tells the reader just what he wants to know, and she tells it to him in a way which will enable him to assimilate the information. Her very sensible remarks on the subject of 'cutting' plays, particularly Restoration pieces, may be commended to the notice of all those persons who insist that every word, especially if it be a nasty one, shall be spoken: —

If anyone wants to bowdlerize Doll Tearsheet, or the last act of *Eastward Ho!* I will gladly lend a hand with the tar and feathers. But also, if anyone feels inclined to disinfect the 'wit' of Middleton's subplots by a judicious use of the blue pencil, I am no less ready to call him entirely right. There are certain stock jests, mechanically repeated, that were the Elizabethan mother-in-law and kipper jokes. They are no funnier, and much more unpleasant, and I see no reason why they should be sacrosanct.

That passage fairly reveals Miss Mackenzie's sense and style.

In Praise of France, by Stephen Gwynn. London: Nisbet and Company, 1927. *10s. 6d.*

[*Irish Statesman*]

This book is a record of Mr. Gwynn's wanderings in France — a country for which since childhood he has entertained a special affection. Not French art and French character and French scenery alone are the subject of his enthusiasm, but also French fishing and French cookery and wine. In the end wines and cookery dominate his narrative, and he devotes a whole chapter to *La France Gastronomique*, taking the province of Brillat-Savarin, the famous gourmand, for his text. The contrast with Ireland is continually in his mind. In France is a race which expresses itself in a finished efficiency closely allied to nature and art: —

All the regimented dressings of the crops along the Loire, rank by rank, square by square, were perfect, and also delightful to behold. Nature put her own modification and accent on the straight lines, like a caress; in Ireland, the marks are wastefulness of ground with elder and nettle.

No tree is grown in France without a purpose; and yet the treatment of trees as a crop does not lessen their charm. On returning to Ireland, even the beauty of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wicklow seemed 'disfigured by ragged, stunted, and useless growth,' and by the absence of that 'play of air and sunshine below the high-lifted leafage' which gives lightness and grace to the French landscape.

Mr. Gwynn is an admirable traveling companion, as readers of his *Fair Cities of Ireland* and his *Fair Hills* are aware. He is never exactly a tourist's guide; indeed, while in France he seems to have avoided the places that foreigners most frequent, and particularly he stopped short of golf links. Nor, on the other hand, is he an impressionist of travel, for whom a city or landscape is simply a sensation. His pages are 'objective,' and are full of information of general interest. Though the work which he has put into his French book is not so great as that which he put into his Irish ones, *In Praise of France* will usefully accompany anyone who sets out to explore the Yonne and the Loire, St. Malo and Angers, Poitou and Périgord, and the other fascinating places of Mr. Gwynn's pilgrimage.

Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Frances Trollope. London: Routledge and Company, 1927. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*New Statesman*]

HALF the pleasure to be got from reading impressions of a society recorded during a period different from one's own lies in the discovery of similarities in manner between the two periods. Differences are taken for granted; similarities appear marvelous, entertaining, and tend to confirm either our best hopes or our worst suspicions. It would be unkind, as well as unfair, to open this amusing book in the hope of finding there a confirmation of what one most dislikes in the America of to-day; for Mrs. Trollope was notoriously a prejudiced critic. It is not difficult to understand the fury which the book (published in 1832) called down on its author's irrepressible head, for a more furious indictment of a society cannot well be imagined. If the book had been dull or stupid, far less anger would have been aroused; but its author's wit, irony, and gift of pungent descriptive phrase made it too forceful to be ignored.

Poor Mrs. Trollope! Circumstances were against her. Sent out on a fool's errand by her eccentric husband, with insufficient money and no real prospect of success, it is not to be wondered at if she found America uncomfortable, life difficult, and the Americans hard and unsympathetic. Her book was her revenge, and a pretty one it is. Some things she liked (the forests near New Orleans made her feel 'rather sublime and poetical'), but in the main her impressions were disagreeable. The men caused her infinite pain by their inveterate habit of spitting; she objected to the custom of mixing every sort of food on one plate (a custom which has survived); the women seemed to her to lack refinement and to be at the same time ridiculously prudish; above all, the servant question harassed her immeasurably. In the latter connection it might reasonably be retorted that one who dismisses an otherwise perfect maidservant for immoral conduct has no business to complain of the rudeness and intractability of servants in a country where it was (and is) exceedingly difficult to get any at all. Mrs. Trollope's indignation is sometimes so great that she repeats the same observation twice in different parts of her book — for example, the dance-supper at which the men sit down to eat in one room, while the women have to stand up in another.

But the author's finest descriptive flights are reserved for the depiction of American religious worship. The revival meetings and camp meetings which she describes make one's blood run cold. They recall nothing so much as a mediæval witches' Sabbath. In these chapters Mrs. Trollope shows her very real gift for writing, though elsewhere the hand of the amateur is generously shown in the immoderate use of unnecessary French phrases, in slovenly English, *clichés*, and elegant circumlocutions. But what in the end makes her book so lively is the sly irony with which she records little incidents she has observed; one is frequently made to laugh aloud.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Magic Mountain, by Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. 2 volumes. $6.00.

In spite of all the authorities who, according to Mr. Knopf's belligerent publicity manager, have praised *The Magic Mountain* to the skies, this unregenerate reviewer cannot honestly say that he was deeply interested in the scarce adventures and incessant ruminations and discussions of a boring young German confined for seven years in a tuberculosis sanitarium. Yet even one on whom the book's alleged power was lost could distinguish its merits. Herr Mann is infinitely laborious; he has a plentiful supply of ideas and a varied group of characters; some of his disquisitions on the nature of time, on the contrast between the Slavic and the Latin philosophy of life, on the cult of the emotions, are worth while and illuminating. On the whole *The Magic Mountain* falls into the same general category of so-called fiction that includes *Tristram Shandy, The Brothers Karamazov,* and *À la Recherche du temps perdu.* Most readers, however, would admit that at least one of these masterpieces was impossible, but that in the other two their very flaws were virtues. No one could say as much for Thomas Mann. *The Magic Mountain* possesses all the worst faults of the discursive epic, but its author lacks the genius to make the grade.

The Son of the Grand Eunuch, by Charles Pettit. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc., 1927. $3.00.

To find the ancestors of Mr. Pettit's brainchild we must read Anatole France, Voltaire, Cabell, and Louys. For, although *The Son of the Grand Eunuch* purports to be a Chinese novel, the country described is hardly modern China in the throes of a Nationalist revolution. Nor is there much local color of the more ancient China, although the characters take a Buddhistic point of view toward life and although both the Grand Eunuch and his son are drawn from history.

It is also more than pornography. We may consider this novel an allegory of the gradual encroachment of Occidental imperialism on China, and to analyze it in this way proves an interesting diversion. On the other hand, we may read in it a satire of our romantic notions of love and fidelity. Or it may be a combination of the two, like *Candide.* In short, some such excuse, other than that it faithfully depicts Chinese morality and customs, is really necessary in order to circumvent the American Index Expurgatorius. It would be a distinct calamity to be deprived of the privilege of enjoying such an amusing piece of fiction.

The Unconscious Beethoven, by Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $2.00.

The nineteenth-century fashion in biography was to dress up our great historical figures with a lot of romantic finery and tinsel, but to-day the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. The modern biographer, in order to compensate for previous overestimation, emphasizes the faults and shortcomings in the lives of great men, apparently on the assumption that a happy medium will be struck. This is what Ernest Newman has done in the first part of his book on Beethoven. He stresses the composer's irascibility, his lack of business conscience, and his sex obsession, thus adding a chapter to Thayer's authoritative biography. Formerly we thought of Beethoven as a moral giant complete and perfect in every respect, but when we have read Mr. Newman's estimate we see that this great composer of the 'immortal nine' was not devoid of human frailties.

In the second part of the book the author

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discusses the stylistic tricks of Beethoven's composition. His unconscious use of three ascending notes is shown by many examples to be a 'fingerprint' by which we may 'spot' his work. Since this habit was so deeply ingrained in everything Beethoven composed, Mr. Newman has called his book *The Unconscious Beethoven*, a title which is not, we must confess, a very happy one. The study is certainly worth while, however, and we look forward to seeing Mr. Newman's extension of this 'fingerprint' thesis to other composers in the book he is now contemplating.

The Cambridge Ancient History. Volume V: Athens, 478–401 B.C. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927. $7.00.

THIS new volume of the *Cambridge Ancient History* follows the same general plan as the earlier volumes and like them is a distinguished and authoritative piece of work. Opening with a general chapter on the economic background of the fifth century, it deals, in succeeding chapters, with the political, military, and cultural aspects of the period. The chapters on Attic Drama and Greek Art and Architecture will especially appeal to the reader who is not a specialist in classical history. The forthcoming volume of plates for Volumes V and VI is to be devoted largely to the illustration of this latter chapter and should be of the greatest interest.

China and the Nations, by Wong Chingwai. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1927. $2.50.

THIS statement of the principles dominating the foreign policy of the Kuomintang by the chairman of its Governing Committee presents the Chinese attitude toward the encroachment of imperialism. For in reading this brief outline of China's relations with the Powers we can only sympathize with her high and noble aspirations, with her effort to secure the abolition of extraterritoriality, unequal treaties, concessions, and the many economic and political chains which the nations have forged about her. With the rise of the People's Party her emancipation seems imminent, and we may look forward to her economic self-development as a vital factor in our future foreign trade.

This little volume is indeed the Black Book of international diplomacy and imperialism, from which our own country does not emerge unscathed. But the account is surprisingly level-headed and free from rant, although it makes no pretensions to being unbiased and omits such mitigating circumstances as America's remission of the Boxer indemnity and Germany's voluntary surrender of extraterritoriality. Soviet Russia is depicted as the great friend of China, though it would be interesting to know whether the author still holds this view, now that Chiang Kai-shek and Borodin have parted company.

The Theatre in Life, by Nicola Evreinoff. New York: Brentano's, 1927. $3.50.

ANIMALS play. The theatre exists in response to similar behavior on the part of man. As an institution the theatre has fallen into a debased form, but in each man's mind pure forms of play exist. Discover them, perfect them. Profess to enjoy as Shakespeare and Omar Khayyam professed to regret the fact that all the world's a stage. 'Anyone who understands life presented in dramatic form understands that life presents itself in the same way. One realizes truth by removing one's self from fact a little.

Such the philosophy. It is exploited exhaustively with appeal to many authoritative doctors, — Schopenhauer, Evreinoff himself, Wilde, Nietzsche, Andreev, Tolstoi, Bergson, — but not to Lewis Carroll, who also sets it forth in the abridged *Sylvie and Bruno*. Those who know and practise these ideas will enjoy seeing them made capable of such romantic development, for they bridge the gulf that Romanticism made between morals and æsthetics. Those who neither know nor practise the theatre for themselves will profit even more from this philosophy, to the incidental benefit — if there are enough of them — of the theatre as an institution. Irrelevant illustrations in black and white disfigure the volume.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED